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OR

THE STRUGGLE WITH WEALTH

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WILFRED GLENN

WILFRED GLENN
OR
THE STRUGGLE WITH WEALTH

BY

GILBERT ROMINE HAMMOND, Ph. D.

With Five Illustrations

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"The doom which to the guilty pair
Without the walls of Eden came,
Transforming sinless ease to care
And rugged toil, no more shall bear
The burden of old crime, or mark of primal shame.

"A blessing now,—a curse no more;
Since He, whose name we breathe with awe,
The coarse mechanic vesture wore,
A poor man toiling with the poor,
In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law."

—Whittier.

From "Songs of Labor—Dedication."

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To her who looking into the face of the miner coming from the mine with face covered with black is able to look beneath the coal dust and see the man; and to him who working in the depths of the earth to bring to its surface coal to warm the body keeps himself warm with manhood's coal and contends that he is a man: to these this volume is dedicated.

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PREFACE

He who looks out into the world and sees the struggles of mankind, on the one side struggling to rise out from under the hand of oppression—rising and falling, falling and rising,—and on the other side struggling to keep the oppressive hand on the oppressed, forcing him to carry burdens which do not belong to him to carry: he who looks out into the world and sees these things, must either be heartless or dead to suffering, if he does not use his pen, his voice or his hand against such wrongs.

It is with this thought in mind that the author undertakes to portray in mild form the struggles of the miner to rise out from under the oppressive power of Capital. It will be the aim to present to view two sides of Capital. It is to be hoped the reader will see these two sides in certain characters of the book, will watch their doings and observe their outcome. It is to be hoped also that this book will help in the great struggle between Labor and Capital, and be prophetic of the outcome of the struggle.

It is written in story form with the hope that the public more generally will read it; that it may accomplish a wider and a greater good.

Let the laborer who reads this book realize that the struggle is his; let the capitalist who reads it know that if he belongs to the oppressive side he is in the wrong and must fail, but if he belongs to the

kind, winning, sympathetic side he shall win; because right must triumph, and wrong must die or fail in the end.

With these words the author sends this little book out into the reading and thinking world to accomplish its mission of love.

THE AUTHOR.

Merom, Ind.

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WILFRED GLENN;

Or, The Struggle With Wealth

INTRODUCTION

THE TWO SIDES

It is sometimes said that one-half of the world does not know what the other half is doing. How true that is! The man busied in his office in one of our great cities knows but little of the toil that enters into the life of the farmer on his farm. The man doing his work in the full light of the sun knows but little of the work of one who digs and drills and shovels by the light of his lamp hundreds of feet under ground. The man who works or acts in the full joy of his own liberty with no hand to oppress him, with no burden besides his own to weigh him down, knows but little of the condition of one who is forced to go or come at the dictate of another, who carries a heavier burden that another may carry a lighter one.

It is somewhere amidst the coal fields of Illinois, Indiana or Ohio that the scenes of our story were acted. God never blessed any part of the world

more abundantly. As though it were not enough that He should spread the whole extent of these three states into one broad plain, and cover its fertile soil with a luxuriant vegetation each year, and thickly dot this vast plain with hamlets, villages and cities; under its surface at different depths, He has deposited veins of coal, reservoirs of oil and gas. It would seem that God never dealt so bountifully with any other region under the heavens.

In the midst of this wealth on the surface and beneath it, Wilfred Glenn was born and reared in a humble home. Into this abundant wealth everywhere on every hand, in a home where wealth abounded, Grace Stenwick was born and grew to young womanhood.

These two had caught visions of the inequalities of men's and women's lives. Into their hearts and minds came thoughts that conditions ought not to be as they are. Into their hearts came an inspiration to lift up the lowly and to bring down the unduly exalted to his proper level, that all mankind might stand where they belong. One of these was the daughter of a man of wealth and influence, the other was from a lowly home, a common laborer, and yet both saw the same vision, both felt the same inspiration.

In the same country of riches, in a home of wealth and aristocracy John Gledman was reared by fond but indulgent parents. He had other visions, he had other inspirations in conflict with the two others. The pathways of these three cross and recross and

cross again. Sometimes the ways of the two of them run parallel and the other runs crosswise, and again another two run parallel and the other runs across. And so battles are fought and a victory is won.

Into the midst of the lives of these three another two come. They are not of the brilliant kind, but they are made useful in working out the problems of our three great actors. Oh, the sorrow and suffering that some are made to carry for the gratification of others! He does his duty well who acts simply as an entering wedge and has to be pounded that he may enter, not because he is unwilling, but because the other is stubborn and will not yield: he does his duty well, if he without complaint submits his head to the blows of the maul.

Others and still others are introduced to act their parts to aid the great actors.

He who lives in any one of these three states in the vicinity of coal mines knows well or may know well our three characters, Wilfred Glenn, John Gledman and Grace Stenwick. You meet them almost daily in your town. They show themselves on many occasions. You may also know John Gledman's parents and Grace Stenwick's, for they are your neighbors, at most they do not live far away.

You say, "I do not know these three people."

I reply, "Yes you do. They may live next door to you. They may chance to live in the same house with you. Possibly you might see one of the three by looking in a mirror." However this may be, I am sure you are acquainted with the three—Wilfred,

John and Grace. You may not fancy Wilfred, you may dislike John, you will most surely have a decided opinion about Grace; but sure it is you will not like all three nor will you dislike all three, you are safe in settling upon that point before you begin the story. The objects for which they fight their battles are so different, so almost opposite, that they will not all appeal to the same persons. As you are so will you choose. Read who you are and what you are in the character of the one in whom you delight.

It may be your choice will be the quiet, patient, loving Helen Hendman or the suffering George Stockworth. Will any one delight in Joe Brock or Clarence Lathrope or Grant Worthington? Read and search them out.

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A MINERS' VILLAGE—PAGE 19

CHAPTER I

THE ACCIDENT

The sun was fast falling towards the western horizon across the broad prairie which separates the mining town of Merfield from where the sun seems to sink behind the earth, when there was heard a hurried rap at the office door of Dr. Guthrie. He hastened to open the door when there stood before him a young lady of about eighteen years of age. He knew her to be Helen, the daughter of a miner by the name of Hendman. Her flushed face and excited manner told him even before she could open her mouth to speak that there was trouble. In an instant she said, "Come to our house quick, doctor; father is hurt very seriously."

"Wait a moment, Helen," said the doctor, "and I will go with you."

In a moment the doctor was ready and they both started for the injured man's home.

Mr. Hendman lived in the suburbs of the city of Merfield, in that part inhabited by the miners exclusively. The houses in which the miners lived were built by the mining company—all after one model. They were one story in height; sided with unpainted boards; two windows were in front, one on either side of the front door; there was one chimney extending out of the comb of the roof which declined

towards the rear of the house in the form of a shed-roof.

Houses all after this style fill the spaces on both sides of the street for about one mile with neither a shade tree nor a sidewalk for comfort, nor a different styled house to relieve the monotony.

They were scarcely on their way when the doctor began to draw from Helen what she knew of her father's accident.

"How did your father get hurt?" asked the doctor.

"He was hurt in the mine."

"Do you know how he was hurt?"

"Yes, sir. Some rocks fell on him and his legs are very badly hurt. Mamma says his legs are broken and some of the bones badly crushed."

"If he is so seriously injured, why didn't you phone to me, then I could have reached your house sooner?"

"We have no phone in our house, doctor, nor do any of our near neighbors, hence I could get you quicker by running as fast as I could run, than by going so far over to Mr. Maybrick's.

"I hope my father is not so badly hurt that you cannot cure him, for he has to work in the mine every day that there is work in order to get money to support our large family. I do not know what we could do without him. He is so good a father and so anxious for me to attend school every day, because I graduate from the high school next June. He lies on the bed and groans, and cannot stir either

leg. Mamma told me to hasten as fast as I could go for you, so I left almost immediately and do not know very much about how badly he is hurt, only I know he must be very bad by the way he groans, by the way the men acted when they brought him, and by the way mamma cried."

While Helen is talking and they are making their way towards the miner's home, the doctor's mind is busily at work asking questions of himself and trying as best he can to answer them.

"Why are so many miners injured? Why am I called so frequently to attend upon men who are injured in the mines? This is the fifth single case this week, besides the explosion Monday when twenty were hurt. Who are to blame for these many accidents, for so many injured for life, for so many deaths? Are the miners to blame for injuring and killing themselves? or are the companies at fault for these injuries and deaths? Where is the remedy and what is it? That so great a sacrifice of life should be prevented is evident. Who will trace the disease to its cause and force the remedy to be applied?"

"Why are there so many fearful explosions and consequently so great a loss of life? Are the miners careless, and therefore destroy their own lives, or do the mine-owners fail to provide proper ventilation and facilities and thus cause an accumulation of gas which in some unguarded moment is ignited and hundreds of miners lose their lives? Or in case of a fire at the shaft all escape is cut off because there is no way of egress except at the main shaft.

"If the fault lies with the miners, it would seem that they would become more careful after so many and repeated explosions and fires and falling of rock whereby hundreds and thousands of miners' lives are lost; but the fearful loss of life goes on and miners are killed by hundreds and by thousands. Thousands of women and children without husbands and fathers are left to fight for life's existence."

Again the doctor asks himself and tries to answer: "Why the difference between the homes of the miners and those of the mine-owners? The homes of the miners built by the mine-owners, for men and women and for boys and girls are cheaper, less commodious, less tasty and pleasing to the eye than those built by some of the same mine-owners for their horses and cattle. In the name of the Good Father in Heaven, are not men and women and children entitled to as comfortable places for homes as horses and cattle are for stables? Why are these things so? Who can unravel the mystery why conditions differ so greatly? Who ordained that one family is entitled to live in a palace while another *must* live in a hovel? —not chooses to live in a hovel, but is compelled to live in one from the force of circumstances."

While these thoughts are passing through the doctor's mind and while he is observing the exterior of the miners' cottages and listening to the story of Helen, they reach her home.

As the doctor enters the house the thoughts that have been passing through his mind on the way cause him to survey the interior of the house with a

closer scrutiny than usual. They have entered the "front room," one of the three which constitute the house. The injured husband and father lies on a bed in one corner of this room. A common rag carpet covers the floor; a few pictures, cut from papers and magazines, and some photographs decorate the unpapered side-walls. Everything is neat and clean and gives evidence of strict economy on the part of the good housewife. The room in the rear serves the double purpose of dining-room and kitchen, while the room to the left as you enter the front door is the bedroom. These are the three rooms of the miner's house and of each house of the two long rows which constitute the miners' section of the town.

Other thoughts awakened by the interior of the miner's home enter the doctor's mind, but he drives them back to give way to a close attention to investigating and to caring for the miner's injuries. After a careful examination, he finds that one leg, the left, is broken in two places—one above the knee, and the other below the knee—and that the bones are badly crushed at the knee break; he also finds that the right leg is broken once, but near the hip. He knows he can save the right leg, "But how about the left? Can I save it?"

The wife carefully watches the doctor's face and reads in it doubt in spite of his effort to conceal.

"Can you set it all right, doctor?" she asked.

"We shall do our best," he replies.

Mr. Hendman who was completely conscious and suffering intensely said, "Be as quick as you can, doctor."

"Yes, I will, Mr. Hendman."

With the skill of a practical physician and surgeon he quickly sets and bandages the right leg, then turns his attention to the left leg which is so seriously injured. Can he save it, is his question. If he amputates it the miner is crippled for life and poorly prepared to support his wife and children, five in number; if he tries to save it and it causes the miner's death, then the wife will be entirely without his help. Oh, if he can only return this husband and father to his family whole and well! These are problems which come to every true physician. Finally he decides to try to save him entire to his family and not amputate his leg, realizing that the case has much of doubt in it and will take many weary weeks; but he thinks it is worth the effort. The bone of the upper break is not crushed, therefore he sets that first and carefully bandages it. Then he removes from the lower break the crushed and protruding pieces of bone and puts the remaining parts in their proper places. Around this part of the left leg, he molds a plaster cast to hold the broken parts in place.

After everything is done for him that can be done to make him as easy as possible, the doctor gives directions to the wife for his care till he returns the next morning.

On the way home the doctor permitted to return some of the thoughts which he had driven back to attend to the wounded man. "Why is it that some men must do the work while others reap the crop

from this labor? Why cannot the laborer receive the full fruitage of his labor? Is it God-ordained or man-ordained? In either case, why? Here is this man Hendman; he is industrious,—his wife is frugal, —and yet he is poor, and does not have many of the comforts of life. Who is at fault? Is he, or is some one else; or is God at fault for the way he made him? If Mr. Hendman does not do as well as he knows or as well as he can, then he is at fault and is rightfully deprived of these comforts of life. If he is deprived of a portion of his wages, then the one that deprives him is at fault and ought to be made to cease this work of taking from another that which that other one has earned, and taking it without returning to him an equivalent; and he should be compelled to restore if possible what he has already taken.

These and many similar thoughts passed through Dr. Guthrie's mind on his way back to his office. These thoughts are not peculiar to the doctor, but many men ask these same questions and find the answers as difficult to obtain. Many people would give an off-hand answer and say, "If Mr. Hendman is poor, why doesn't he save his money?" They say, "He has no business to spend his money as he does." But that is no answer to the great problem. "Is a man entitled to the full returns of his labor? Is he privileged to spend that in the way he pleases? or has any one the privilege to keep back a part of his wages because he does not spend it according to that other one's liking?"

During the night which followed the accident to Mr. Hendman, Mrs. Hendman suffers intense mental anguish. She cannot keep the possibilities of the future out of her mind. Suppose the worst should come and she should be left a widow. She is not strong. She cannot earn a living for her five children. Helen, the oldest one, is eighteen years of age, and in the last year of her high school course. It would be a great misfortune if she should have to be taken out of school. The next one is Madge, only fourteen years of age; she could not do much towards earning a living for the family and she too should be in school. The third is a twelve-year-old boy. Will he be forced to enter the mine at that tender age when he needs the school so very much? Must his whole life be dwarfed and blighted by spending the tender years of boyhood in the mine? And then what little he could earn would not go far towards the expenses of so large a family. The other two children are only ten and six—too young to help even a little."

These are not very consoling thoughts for Mrs. Hendman. She thinks of the Company. Perhaps it will help her. She thinks of the Union, and feels assured it will help her, if there should come a time of need. But she must be cheerful for Mr. Hendman's sake. So the brave little wife puts aside her fears for the future for her service of the present.

By the side of her husband she sits throughout the night to attend to every want, for she will not resign her place near him to anybody. The neighbor-

ing miners are very kind and offer their assistance, doing all she will allow them to do. Helen and Madge, the faithful girls, do all the work of the house as far as they can, that their mother may give her undivided attention to their father.

CHAPTER II

THE STENWICKS

Among the early arrivals at the Hendman home after the accident is Grace Stenwick, the only daughter of Senator Stenwick, one of the owners of the mine in which Mr. Hendman was hurt. She is a young lady of rare excellence and beauty, of twenty years of age.

Wherever there is any good to be done whether with rich or poor there you will find Grace Stenwick, hence she is early at this house of suffering to help care for Mr. Hendman. Save the hand of his wife, there is no touch so tender, so restful to Mr. Hendman as that of Grace.

During the long hours of this, the first night after Mr. Hendman's injury, Grace is by Mrs. Hendman's side ready to render any assistance in her power.

Her father, Senator Stenwick, desires to be a good, kind-hearted man, and as the world goes is so considered; but his contact with the world in business and politics has really made him hard to the finer feelings of life. He takes it as a matter of course that some men must be hurt and that some must be killed in the workings of the mines, hence such accidents and injuries as that of Mr. Hendman do not affect him seriously. He is sorry for him and the family of course, but he sees no way to prevent such accidents. In handling the financial side of the

mine he has become somewhat calloused to the finer feelings of the sacrificing of the less for the greater —of the giving up of money which is the less for the safety of the miners which is the greater.

But his daughter, who is of that sweet, tender, sympathetic nature, just what her father would have been if he had not allowed business to harden him, was willing to spend her time and strength, much more valuable than money, in softening and soothing the suffering caused by the evils of her father's system of mine running.

On Grace's return home the next morning, after sitting up with Mrs. Hendman all night at Mr. Hendman's bedside, she found her father at the breakfast table. As was her custom each morning on first meeting her father, she kissed him. Then she told him how seriously Mr. Hendman was hurt and how he had suffered throughout the night. She described to him how both his legs were broken and the bones seriously crushed in one of them. She said that the doctor was very doubtful whether he could save his left leg.

Mr. Stenwick tells his daughter to take over from the house anything which Mr. Hendman or any of the family may need.

"Father," said Grace, "that is not what Mr. Hendman most needs; that is not what Mrs. Hendman needs just now."

"Why," my daughter, "what do they need more?"

"They need the assurance just now that if the

worst should happen to Mr. Hendman and he should die that his wife and children should be cared for. Mrs. Hendman has been worrying about this during the night. She realizes that Mr. Hendman is very seriously injured and that it is very doubtful whether his left leg or even his life can be saved. Does not your Company, father, owe it to her that she be assured against want?"

"My daughter, we could not do that. So many miners are injured or killed during a year that it would use up the dividends to care for all of their families."

"But, father, they are injured or killed in your company's service, are they not? and why then is it not right for the Company to care for those disabled and left in need. If they were compelled to care for these families, perhaps they would be more careful and provide against accidents."

"They understand when they enter our employ, that the work is subject to these dangers; and besides they have an organization of their own to help one another in cases of need."

"Is it not true, father, that they are forced to care for themselves, because you have failed to do your duty as a Company? Is it not a principle of right and justice that we are bound to care for those that are injured in our service if there is neglect on our part? Could it not be made safer in the mines so there would not be so many killed or injured? Mr. Hendman was hurt by the rocks falling on him from above. Could there not be more care used in putting

the props under the rocks that there might not be so much danger of their falling?"

"Daughter, they put their own props under, and if they put them under carelessly, they are themselves to blame and not the Company."

"Nevertheless, father, I can't help but feel that something is wrong and that the Company ought to keep a closer oversight in material and methods used that so many lives might not be sacrificed."

"Perhaps you are right, my daughter, but you know that I am so busy with other matters that I do not have time to attend to the smaller matters of the mine."

"You do not call men's lives the 'smaller matters' do you?"

"No, but eat your breakfast now, my dear, and then lie down to rest. You must be tired and sleepy after being up all night. I must go to my work for the day."

"Oh, father! I could rest so much better, if I could know that somthing would be done to protect the miners, and just now to keep Mr. and Mrs. Hendman from worrying."

"I will see you later, Grace."

Grace Stenwick was surrounded by all the comforts of life that wealth and loving parents could provide.

As was her father, so was her mother, of a kind and loving disposition. Her life was absorbed in that of her daughter and her husband. It was her chief delight when she could make her daughter or her husband happier.

Mr. Stenwick was a wealthy man and liked to see his wealth increase that he might have more to bestow on his daughter. Let us not forget, however, that there was also that feeling which is present to nearly every man of wealth, a feeling of pride in the amount of his wealth and a consciousness of the power it brings in its possession.

Their home was in Merfield not far from the mining settlement. It was a large stone mansion, situated upon an eminence overlooking the rest of the town, and surrounded by a beautiful grove of forest trees.

It was in the midst of such environments as these that Grace grew to beautiful womanhood. She had been endowed with a double portion of the good qualities of her parents, who had not tried to check her in the exercise and strengthening of these qualities. Because she was the only child, she had been indulged perhaps in these things more than she would have been otherwise. In the spring she was awakened by the singing of the birds, then she heard the loving greetings of father and mother while around her on every hand were things of joy and beauty and loveliness. How could she grow to be other than a beautiful and sweet woman? It was only when she went away from her home and into the world that she saw sorrow and pain and suffering. She had had everything that heart could wish, and she had wished to be lovely, and to be loved. She had also wished to be educated that she might be more useful, consequently her father had given her a good education.

CHAPTER III

HELEN HENDMAN AND GRACE STENWICK

Over against this beautiful maiden, Grace Stenwick, stands Helen Hendman in comparison. Helen was of nearly the same age, only two years younger, and perhaps of equal intellectual endowments.

Her father would have been of a sweet disposition equally so with Senator Stenwick, but he too had been hardened only for a different reason. He had battled with poverty, with hard work, and the depressing effect of underground work. Who can meet these three evils without their blighting effect? The natural disposition of Helen's mother was also good, but the constant care for years of a large family had had its effect on her life. The combined disposition of the two parents fell to the lot of Helen, and she emerged into life well endowed.

Life's pathway with Helen had not been so smooth as that of Grace had been. Helen, too, as well as Grace, could be awakened in the springtime by the singing of the birds, but they were in the far away tree tops; and then both father and mother in Helen's home had always been too busy in the morning to give her as much attention as Grace had always received in her home, therefore, many caresses were lacking to Helen such as had always fallen to Grace. Then, too, as long as Helen could remember there had been younger ones to receive a large proportion

of the little tendernesses. There were not in Helen's home those refining influences which wealth alone can furnish.

If Helen should fail to be all that Grace is ought there to be any wonder? for environment has much to do with the outcome of life. With all their differences with the strong contrast of surroundings in which the two girls are placed, who shall say that Grace is any sweeter in disposition than Helen? Grace may have more of the refining influences of culture and society because of her father's wealth, but Helen has a sturdiness of character gained by facing struggles from which Grace has been screened.

We saw the sweet and tender spirit of Grace at the Hendmans' as she smoothed the pillow and bathed the throbbing brow of Mr. Hendman. We may now see the true heroism of Helen. When she knows that her mother is worrying over the possible outcome of the injury which her husband has received, she goes to her mother and makes one of the greatest sacrifices of her young life. It had been her greatest ambition to graduate this year from the high school. Her plans with the class had been nearly completed. With her arms around her mother's neck and with tears in her eyes which she could not restrain, she said: "Mamma, I will give up my graduating at the high school this year. I will go to work at something to earn money for you and the others, if papa cannot work."

This is heroism of the true type, to give up some cherished plan for the comfort of others.

THE STRUGGLE WITH WEALTH

Reader, do you see these two young women?—one sweet and tender and kind, out from the environment of wealth; the other good and heroic and self-sacrificing, out from the environment of poverty? Has money made the womanhood in either case?

CHAPTER IV

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

The next day after the accident to Mr. Hendman the doctor comes according to his promise. He finds the sick man suffering greatly. Mrs. Hendman tells the doctor that he did not rest much during the night. An examination shows that the right leg is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances, but the left one does not show the proper condition satisfactory to the doctor. However, he gives careful instructions to Mrs. Hendman and departs, saying that he will come again in the morning.

Grace also comes and spends a portion of the day, helping wherever she finds an opportunity, especially is she of service at the bedside of Mr. Hendman, when her cheerful ways and loving touch make her an acceptable attendant. He is glad to have her by him, for her presence is like sunshine in the room.

At an opportune time during this visit of Grace, Helen reveals to her the conversation with her mother and her own determination to leave school and work somewhere to earn some money to help support the family during the sickness of her father. She says, "I can graduate next year, if papa gets well and able to work again."

After reaching home, Grace spoke to her mother about Helen's leaving school to work, and asked her

whether she would not take Helen into their own home.

Mrs. Stenwick said that she would need help in her kitchen for some time and promised Grace that she would find a place for Helen as soon as she could be spared from home.

When Grace returns to the Hendman home the next day she tells Helen and Mrs. Hendman the conversation with her mother, that she will take Helen into their home, if agreeable to Helen and her mother, as soon as she can be spared from home.

Mrs. Hendman replies, "It certainly will be agreeable, and I shall be obliged to spare her as soon as Mr. Hendman gets a little better, for we shall need the money. Madge is fourteen years old and she can be of much help to me, for she has been taught to work since she was old enough to do anything. If absolutely necessary she can be kept out of school, but I do hope this will not be necessary."

"Oh, Helen," said Grace, "that will be so nice, to be at our home so much, will it not? We can have walks and rides together. There will be a plenty of time, after we get our work done, to ride in my auto, or to go riding in the buggy, or to stroll through the groves when the days are warm and pleasant."

So it was settled that in a few days Helen should commence working for Mrs. Stenwick. How little we know what combination of circumstances will either help or hinder our plans.

The repeated visits of Dr. Guthrie disclosed the fact that Mr. Hendman's left leg was not improving, but that in the last three days a condition of inflam-

mation was developing alarming to the physician in spite of his efforts to keep it down; for the bones had been too badly crushed for the healing process to proceed and decay must be the inevitable result. One week from the day of the accident, Dr. Guthrie called Mrs. Hendman into the kitchen from the room in which her husband was lying, and told her there was only one hope for saving Mr. Hendman's life and that was to have an operation performed, in other words, his left leg would have to be amputated.

Mrs. Hendman burst into tears and said, "Oh, doctor, don't tell me that! Must my husband be a cripple all the rest of his life? Is there no way to save his leg? Operations are so costly, how can I ever get the money to pay for it. Doctor, give me some hope somewhere."

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Hendman, as best you can. It will be much better to have him with one leg than not to have him, will it not?"

"Oh, yes! Save him to me, doctor."

"I will see what can be done about the money for the operation."

So they arranged to have the operation performed the next day, for the doctor did not dare to defer longer, fearing it would be too late.

Before the doctor left the house, he returned to Mr. Hendman's side, and sitting down by his bedside took the sick man by the hand and said, "You are suffering very much, are you not, Mr. Hendman?"

"Yes, doctor, I have been for the last two or three days. It is my left leg that pains me so. Do you think there is anything serious about its condition?"

"I have just been talking to your wife about you. It seems that either your leg must be sacrificed or you will be sacrificed and leave your wife and children. Which shall it be?"

"Oh, doctor! those are two hard things to choose between. I cannot leave my wife and children, if I can possibly stay with them; and to be a cripple the rest of my life is hard. How can I support my wife and children? Must I choose between the two?"

"I fear you must."

"And is there no hope any longer?"

"No, Mr. Hendman, the inflammation has reached such a height and is increasing at such a rate that the operation must not be deferred if you would hope for life."

"Then I choose to lose a part of me rather than for my family to lose the whole."

"We have arranged to perform the operation to-morrow, Mr. Hendman."

"I shall try to be ready."

CHAPTER V

THE UNION

Saturday night, the one following the accident, the Union to which Mr. Hendman belonged, met and according to their custom in such cases, granted a four dollar weekly sick benefit to Mr. Hendman. They also instructed their standing sick committee to continue to see to it that proper persons were provided to care for him as might be needed to give rest to the members of the family. It was the custom of this Union either to delegate one or more of its members to be with the sick brother during each night and care for him or to employ a skilled nurse. Mr. Hendman preferred the members to sit up with him, when there was need, on account of their company; for he was restless and wakeful much of the night; and it helped to while away the time to have some of his comrades present to chat with him.

One night during the most restful period of his sickness, between the close of the first two days succeeding the accident, when the pain would be severe, and the severe suffering caused by the increasing inflammation, Mr. Jenkins was delegated to sit up with him. It was Monday night after the Friday of the accident. Garrison Jenkins was a radical and could see but little good in present conditions.

After the family had lain down to get a little rest from continued duty, Mr. Jenkins said, "I tell you,

Jed" (this was Mr. Hendman's name at the mine) "this is too bad for you to be hurt in this way and perhaps crippled for life. There ought to be better protection in the mine. If perfectly safe props had been put under that roof, the rock would not have fallen on you. The Company wants to make too much money. Human life is of more value than money, then why should life and limb be sacrificed for money? You just wait till the miners own their own mines, or better still till the Government owns them, then, in either case, the miner will be protected and get the full returns for his labor. For my part I am anxious for that time to come."

"But I don't see that such conditions are coming very rapidly," said Mr. Hendman.

"It is not right for Money to receive the proceeds from Labor, therefore that system which permits such a wrong cannot last. It is right for the laborer to receive the full returns for his own labor, therefor that system which grants this right must prevail in time, because right will prevail, and I look for the coming of that system soon. At the next meeting of the Union, I believe I shall introduce a resolution looking towards that great end. It may not do much good now, but if we never make a beginning towards this great reform we shall never get it. I know that a great battle must be fought before Money will yield its advantage—the power to collect a portion of the laborer's wages,—but we, the

laborers, are the ones that have the battle to fight or we must always remain as we are."

In talking along this line of thought, the two passed the great part of the night.

CHAPTER VI

DR. GUTHRIE AND SENATOR STENWICK

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE

Early the next morning, after the decision was made to amputate Mr. Hendman's leg, Dr. Guthrie made his way to Senator Stenwick's before he should leave home for his day's work at the office. When the doctor arrived the senator received him heartily. Dr. Guthrie without delay proceeded to the business of the visit. "You know through your daughter Grace of the accident and present condition of Mr. Hendman. He is growing rapidly worse, and I fear that unless something is done for him quickly it will be too late. His right leg is doing well, but his left one was too badly crushed to heal, and I fear he must lose it or die."

"Is that so, doctor? He was a workman so good and reliable that I can scarcely afford to spare him. He was so trustworthy that I could place any amount of responsibility upon him and he would bare it. Inasmuch as he will be a cripple, having but one leg and not able to work in the mine, I do not see what use we could make of him, nor do I see what he could do to make a living for his wife and children. This seems too bad that a good man like him should be so disabled as to render him almost useless. This, however, is the way of the world—some are 'pushed

to the wall' to make room for others less worthy, perhaps. That is what will happen to you and me some day."

"Mr. Stenwick, you tell me of the good qualities of Mr. Hendman. I am pleased to hear of them. I shall be compelled to bring to my assistance in this operation a thoroughly skillful surgeon from the city of St. Louis. His charges for the trip will be one hundred dollars. The Hendman family is not able to pay this amount of course. It is a case of life or death for Mr. Hendman. My errand to you this morning is to ask you if you can advise us how we can raise this amount."

"Our Company makes no provision for paying out money in such cases, but I might give ten dollars out of my own pocket towards the amount."

"Senator, is it not true that this man has been a valuable and faithful worker for your Company for ten years?"

"Yes, Doctor, and he has always had his pay."

"Have not those that have not been so faithful and valuable also received their pay, as well as Mr. Hendman?"

"Y-e-s."

"What then has Mr. Hendman received extra for his fidelity beyond what some others have received although they were unfaithful? Or what has been his reward for his faithfulness?"

"He has had our confidence," said Mr. Stenwick, "and that is certainly much for a workman."

"But," said the doctor, "confidence will not pay

surgeons' bills nor buy bread and butter. It is money he needs now to save his life which you admit has been valuable to you. I come now, Mr. Stenwick, to ask you to recognize this worth and pay Mr. Hendman a portion of his just dues for this worth. You cannot pay the full value in dollars and cents for his faithfulness, but you can do something towards it. I ask you therefore to promise to pay this bill of one hundred dollars to be contracted to-morrow not as a gift to Mr. Hendman out of sympathy for his condition, but because it is a debt which you owe this man."

"Why, Doctor, we have paid him all we owe him and our account with him is square."

"Pardon me, Senator, you have paid him in full no doubt for his labor, but for his extra value to you because of his trustworthiness he has gone unpaid. It is this unpaid amount I am asking now."

"I confess, Doctor, you have put it in a new light. I have always felt that my obligations to my workmen were discharged when their stipulated wages were paid. It is a fact that the true, faithful, honest workman is of much more value to his employer than the dishonest shirk. I am led to think that the Company is morally in debt to Mr. Hendman for valuable services rendered. You may draw on the Company for the fee of the surgeon."

"Many thanks, Senator. And now I trust that the operation will be a successful one, and that we shall be able to save him to his family and to your Company for some service which you may be able to find him in his changed condition."

"I will surely try, Doctor, to find something for him to do when he gets well."

"I must bid you good-morning, and prepare myself for the severe task of the day."

"Good-bye, Doctor, and success to you."

CHAPTER VII

MR. HENDMAN AND HIS FAMILY

While Dr. Guthrie was having his conversation with Senator Stenwick and securing his consent to pay the surgeon's fee, there were other scenes, sadder ones at the Hendman home. How many know the trying time of the possible last few hours with dear ones? Only those that have had the experience.

The whole Hendman family know that the operation is to be performed this afternoon; and all, save the youngest two, realize in a measure its seriousness. Mrs. Hendman and Helen, in particular, know how weak Mr. Hendman is, and they know that there is always doubt when any one goes on the table for an operation. Therefore sadness reigns throughout the household during the forenoon of that eventful day. Mr. Hendman, too, is naturally affected because he knows how weak he is and that it takes strength to endure an operation such as his is to be. He cannot help thinking, "Suppose I should not survive, suppose my strength should not hold out, what would become of my dear wife and sweet children? Who would care for them if I should leave them? I must talk with them a little before the doctors come, for fear I may not see them again when I go to sleep under the effect of the chloroform."

Some time after breakfast it so happened that Mrs. Hendman was the only one in the room with Mr.

Hendman. He began, "Martha, had you thought that it is possible I may not survive this operation?"

"Yes, dear, but let us not think of it in that light. You need to be as strong as possible for this afternoon, so please do not look on the gloomy side, but on the cheerful side. We shall all be hoping and praying while the doctors are at work, for your recovery, so be cheerful, dear, and all will come out well."

"I, too, think as you do that I must reserve my strength for this afternoon, and I shall close my eyes in the sleep which is given me with the consciousness that you and Helen and Madge and George are praying for me, and, perhaps, the two babies may be lifting their simple prayer that papa may be spared to them; but, dear wife, that is not what I mean. It is possible I may not survive, in spite of the great skill of Dr. Bell, in spite of your great care, because it is not so designed. I am very weak and it may be that my strength will not be sufficient. In that case I should desire to have said some things to you and the children. In case I should have to leave you, I cannot leave you much money. You will be poor so far as money is concerned. I do not know how you will get along. Perhaps the Union may help you a little. You are not strong. It would be better for Helen, Madge, and George to work at something than for you to try to work away from home. It would be better for you to do the home work and keep the children together if possible. I mean, keep a home for them. It was my great desire to give them an education, if I could not give

them money. I may not be able to do this now, if I get well, inasmuch as I shall have but one leg, and of course cannot work so well.

"It is a pleasant thought to me at this time that our married life has been a happy one. We have been poor, but we have loved each other. Our life's battle has been fierce, and we have fought bravely. Have we gained a victory or have we been defeated? I feel sure we have won a victory, for five good, noble children and nineteen years of happy married life is no failure. And now, let me bid you a possible farewell, while we are alone, hoping that I shall pass through the operation in safety. Be a brave woman as you always have been. Good-bye, till the operation is over and I open my eyes to see you again. Send me Helen, will you?"

"I cannot say good-bye to you, my husband. I must not," and she left the room only to burst into a flood of tears the minute she was out of his presence. As soon as she could command herself she told Helen her father desired to see her. Tears had reddened Helen's eyes, but she had dried them for her father's sake before entering his room.

"Come to my bedside, dear daughter, and let me take your hand. Stoop down and kiss me once more as you have so often done, when I would come home from my work. This may be the last time I shall ever have to talk to you."

"Oh! don't say that, papa. I cannot bear it. You will surely get well."

"Yes, I hope I shall, but, daughter, you know that

there is a possibility that I may not, therefore let me say to you that if I must leave you, be good to your mother and the children as you always have been. Do not let your mother work too hard. You and Madge and George can help her earn a living for the family. Finish your high school course if you can, but if you cannot, give it up gracefully and womanly. I am so anxious that you make a noble woman as you have been a noble girl. Live nobly. When it comes time for you to choose your companion for life, choose a noble young man, then you will be happy."

"Oh, papa, I cannot think of your not getting through with the operation all right. When you get well, you may not be able to earn as much money as you have been earning; if you cannot, I can work at something and help a little I am sure. If I cannot graduate I can give it up and I will."

"And now, daughter, I must cease, as I find my strength failing me. I desired to say something to the other children, but I must not. You and mamma tell them for me to be good children and good-bye, if I should not come out from under the influence of the chloroform. You and mamma and all the children be sure to come in to see me just before the doctors come. I desire to see you all together once more at least. One thing more; tell Grace Stenwick that I am so thankful for her help. Now let me rest."

Thus saying he closed his eyes for a rest which he very much needed, before the doctors should arrive. Helen sat by his side and watched him sleep a rest-

less and yet a somewhat restful sleep. The pain in his leg was severe and this made his sleep inclined to be restless; his conversation with his wife and daughter had so wearied him that his system demanded sleep hence it was restful.

CHAPTER VIII

THE OPERATION AND ITS RESULT

How much of the real man is taken away when an arm or a leg is cut off? Does the person not think as well and love as much? Where or what is that subtle I or you, or he, or she that thinks and wills and loves?

Dr. Guthrie was at the depot to meet the 10:30 a. m. train from the west. He had arranged by telegram the preceding day for Dr. Bell, a skillful surgeon from St. Louis, to arrive at this time. As the train came to a stop, the passengers for Merfield began to come from the train. At length there appeared at the door of the car opposite Dr. Guthrie, a tall well-proportioned man of about fifty years of age. He was well dressed and had a grip in his hand. His appearance was that of a man of more than usual ability. Dr. Guthrie at once recognized him as Dr. Bell, the man for whom he was looking. After mutual salutations were expressed, they walked away from the depot side by side. Dr. Guthrie had a few things to say in private to him before they should go to the Hendman home, that he might better understand the case, hence he took him to his own home for rest and dinner before the operation of the afternoon.

After dinner and before starting for Mr. Hendman's, Dr. Guthrie gives to Dr. Bell a history of the

accident as minute as possible, and the present stage of the man's condition as he understands it, also what has led up to the present critical stage. The life of Mr. Hendman has been temperate and good, but he has a wife and five children dependent upon his daily earnings which he now sees are cut off for some time to come. This fact, because of his love for his family, has so preyed upon his mind that the strength which ought to have gone to heal the fractured parts was used in the troubled mind. As a consequence the healing process has been delayed till decay is at hand. If some provision could have been made so that he could have rested free from care, so far as his family was concerned, I feel sure his left leg would have healed as well as his right one; but the injury being so much greater in the left than in the right, there was not sufficient strength provided to do the special work.

There ought to be some assuring power, either Company or Government, continued Dr. Guthrie, to stand back of men similarly conditioned. Say what you please, this is right and ought to be. What is right and ought to be cannot be dangerous policy. Here is a valuable citizen that loses one leg hence becomes less valuable for the remainder of his life, because of a lack of an assurance of a few hundred dollars.

The operation is set for two o'clock p. m. The two doctors are on their way to the Hendman home some time before two o'clock in order to make suitable preparations. While they are on their way, let us look in again at that sad home.

It is shortly after dinner when it is expected the doctors will soon appear that the wife and all the children enter the father's room to gratify his special desire as it was expressed to Helen in the morning. The mother had instructed the children not to cry but to look cheerful and pleasant, and to tell their papa that they will be so glad to have him well again. The father calls them all to his bedside and takes the hand of each child one by one, beginning with Helen, then Madge, then George, then Mary, then Baby Boy, telling each one to be good to the others and especially to their mamma. Then he bids them good-bye till he wakes up after the operation. After this he takes the hand of his wife who has been so steadfast for these nineteen years and says, "You have been a good wife to me and a good mother to these children. I have tried to do my part in my feeble way. I may not be able longer to help you, but there is One who has promised to be a father to the fatherless and the widow's God. He will help you."

"Oh, husband, do not talk so discouragingly. God will help you too. He will give you strength for this trial. I think we better go now, lest we weary you, and consume the strength which you so much need. Remember we shall be praying for you while you sleep under the doctors' work."

"Children, wish your papa success and a safe time and go out. I will remain with him till the doctors arrive."

Scarcely are the children out of the room and Mr.

Hendman had time to recover his customary quiet when the doctors come. The room and everything to be connected with the operation are carefully sterilized. Tables had been brought into the room on which Mr. Hendman is laid. The doctors recognize that this is to be a very difficult task on account of the patient's depressed condition in mind, but inasmuch as this is the only chance of saving the man's life they decide it is the best to proceed. Finally everything is ready to administer the anaesthetic. Dr. Guthrie attends to this part of the work and he accomplishes it to the satisfaction of both physician and surgeon. The heart action seems to be strong and encouraging. Dr. Bell begins his part of the work, the removing of the left leg, while Dr. Guthrie still keeps close watch of the patient's pulse. All is progressing nicely and the operation is drawing near its close. The doctors are rejoicing over the outcome, when suddenly Dr. Guthrie observes a weakening of the pulse. He speaks to Dr. Bell and begins to rub his arm and wrist. Dr. Bell at once ceases his work and rubs the other arm and hand, but still his pulse grows weaker and then ceases. Mr. Hendman has ceased to breathe and has gone to the home of his reward. The doctors have done their best but they were unable to keep his heart in action, and the operation has proved a failure. The wife is called in and it is explained to her that because of his weakened condition the heart was unable to perform the special work required of it, and so failed. They pronounce it heart failure. It was

heart failure, but it was worry combined with the injury that was the cause.

This is a sad hour in the Hendman home. The current of fear and grief which had been pent up for days in Mrs. Hendman's heart now breaks forth into seemingly uncontrollable weeping when this feared and dreaded possibility has become an actual fact, and she realizes that her husband is dead and she a widow, almost helpless to support her large family. Helen also realizes the great loss to their home in that a loving father is gone, but she does the best she can to restrain herself for the sake of her mother and the children. She goes to her mother and, throwing her arms around her neck, weeps in spite of herself as though her heart were breaking; then, summoning to her aid her young womanhood, she checked her tears, the external evidence of her sorrow, and said to her mother, "Father is gone. His sufferings are over. Let us not wish him back. We shall miss him, oh! so much, shall we not? We can make our way in the world, and you shall see how much I, his oldest daughter, can do to earn money to help in caring for the children. I shall help you, dear mother, in every way I can."

"I know you will, dear Helen."

Grace Stenwick, always present where there is need with her loving and sympathetic words, is at hand to soothe and console as best she can. She at once communicates the death of Mr. Hendman to the president of the Union who immediately sends the proper persons to take charge of the body and the funeral. The services were held on the second day

after his death and were attended by a large number of the miners.

Thus went to his grave a hard-working and industrious man, a good husband, and a man who filled his place in life as he saw it. This life should have been spared to his family many years longer.

Dr. Guthrie sent a receipted bill for his services to Mrs. Hendman the next morning after the funeral. The Union paid the funeral expenses in full. Senator Stenwick issued his order as president of the Company to his bookkeeper to pay Dr. Bell one hundred dollars for the operation. Also on his way to his office the morning following the funeral he stopped at the office of the Daily Times and suggested to the publisher the idea of putting George Hendman, the twelve-year-old boy of Widow Hendman, on his delivery force. This he agreed to do according to Mr. Stenwick's suggestion, inasmuch as one of his delivery boys was about to quit his job. Thus George was able to help a little towards the support of the family.

Grace reminds her mother of her promise to find a place for Helen in their home as soon as she can be spared from her own home. "That time," says Grace, "has now come." Accordingly arrangements are made for Helen to come at once into their home. Grace is too true a lady, too much a woman, to allow any difference in relation to make any difference in feeling between her and Helen. The mutual companionship continues between them. On pleasant afternoons when their work is done, the two may be seen walking side by side in the grove

adjoining the Stenwick mansion, or perhaps riding in Grace's auto on some mission of love to some poor, unfortunate home. Many is the helpful token that is taken from the Stenwick home at the suggestion of Mrs. Stenwick and left at the home of Mrs. Hendman in one of the back streets of the town. She has moved to this place from the mining section, because she is no longer connected with the mines.

CHAPTER IX

JOHN GLEDMAN

John Gledman was the son of Nathan Gledman, a wealthy man of Merfield. Nathan was an indulgent father and had not used that oversight in the bringing up of his only son which he ought to have used, for the good of the boy, on account of his time being so completely taken up in his business. He was president and chief stockholder of the First National Bank of Merfield, a large stockholder and director in the mining company of which Senator Stenwick was president, and was furthermore a director in a large buggy factory of Merfield. He also had large monied interests in Stamford, a city ten miles distant from Merfield. These and various other duties kept his attention so completely occupied that he had little time to spend at home with his wife and boy. He was making money but he was not making a home. In home-making he was a failure, but did not seem to realize his failure. How strange and yet 'tis so often true that one does not see that he is making a failure of home.

Mrs. Gledman, John's mother, was a good-natured woman, but of little executive ability, hence John, the only son and only child, was left to "come up" in almost his own way. The indulgence of his father provided him with a large supply of spending mon-

ey, while the lack of care for the boy and the easy ways of the mother allowed the son to spend his money in ways not always commendable.

During John's younger years he had acquired some habits not the best. While yet in the grades he was disposed to lord it over some of the other boys, especially the poorer ones, because his father was rich. But he had a smooth way about him so that he did not make himself offensive. He could actually abuse the boys and they would not long resent it; for a piece of candy, a chew of gum, or a pat on the back or shoulder with "You are a good fellow" would usually bring them around all right. But there were some not so easily won back.

He made his way through the high school of Merfield more on the social standing of his parents and the influence of his father's money than on the excellence of his own efforts. He was naturally bright and quick to learn, but his manner of life did not tend to give him persistency. After high school his father sent him to college. Here he pursued the same tactics as at the high school—fun and sports were more according to his liking than study.

He was large, strong and active, hence he easily won his way into the college teams. Here he was a success, but at his books he was almost a failure—"conditioned," "barely passed" and "tutored" were the usual outcomes of his term's work. At the end of four years of college life he received his diploma and degree, but it was not marked "honorable."

On John's return home from college after grad-

uation, his father thought that he ought now to take up some line of work in some field of business. John thought he would like to be a clerk in the bank, therefore his father gave him a clerkship in his own bank. After trying this for a few weeks he grew tired of the confinement, of the writing, of the recording of checks and drafts, of copying figures. He could not get out early enough to attend the ball games, and this was the worst trial of all. He began stealing out of the bank at noon when there was to be a noted match game. His father noticing this, transferred him to the buggy factory. Everything went well with him for a time, but soon the novelty wore away, then it was the same old thing—the work was too confining, he did not like the routine, it was the same thing over and over again every day. After this his father secured him a position at the mine to keep the weights as weigh boss. This was not a difficult job and he did very well for a time, for he could get some one to take his place at times, and leave to practice ball or to play in a game or to attend a game.

Some eight years prior to his experience in the mines, John Gledman and Grace Stenwick entered the Merfield High School at the same time and in the same class. They studied in the same assembly hall and met in class day after day. His recitations were almost always poor, while hers were almost always good. He often admired her for her readiness to respond to the questions of the teacher. There often came an impulse to him to do better

work in his studies, when he had particularly noticed some brilliant recitation of hers; but, when out of class and in some game of foot-ball or basket-ball or baseball, his good resolves were lost and the next day's recitations in class were but a repetition of the preceding day's. She often admired him when there was a matched game between the team of Merfield High School and that of some neighboring high school. In these games he would make some of the most brilliant plays of either team. Frequently would he, in a game of ball, bat the ball far over center field and make a "home run," then she would shout and cheer and clap her hands and a flush of admiration would spread over her face. So each had qualities which the other admired. Grace knew that John was not what he ought to be and yet there was something about him which drew her to him. Thus these high school days passed and with their passing the two were drawn closer together, and their simple admiration for each other had ripened into a deeper feeling.

Graduation day approaches. Grace has been chosen one of the number of the class to deliver her thesis before the public on that great day. She has worked hard on her production as she always does on everything she has to do,—John has slighted his oration as he does all of his study work,—hence she was chosen and he was left; but on the athletic field he carries off the honors as she does from the class room because of her hard and brilliant work and from the graduation platform with her deep thought, and almost perfect delivery. John is as proud of

her when she has completed her production and is receiving the cheers and congratulations of her friends including himself, as she was of him in the game when he made some of his brilliant plays and was receiving the shouts of the people. It is not to be wondered at that there is a feeling of mutual admiration and something more, as each watches the victory of the other.

After graduation from the high school, Grace and John attend different colleges, hence their lives are apart save as they are thrown together occasionally when at home on visits or during vacations. When they do meet in social gatherings there still is manifest that former admiration and still deeper ripened feeling; perhaps it is not yet love, perhaps not yet even affection, but something approaching the latter. Senator Stenwick and Nathan Gledman notice this growing attachment of daughter and son for each other, are pleased, and encourage it on all reasonable occasions.

The college days of both are over and they are as we left them—Grace at her home engaged in deeds of mercy and John at his mine work when he is not away from duty, attending some game. Grace often notices his lack of strict attention to duty, and in a mild way chides him for it; but he always, in his smooth way to her, has some excuse for that special case. He is so shrewd in his neglect of duty, always having some one to take his place, or some good excuse that his conduct gets no farther than the superintendent—it does not reach his father nor Mr. Stenwick.

John spends frequent evenings at the Stenwick home, calling upon Grace, and she, encouraged by both father and mother, accepts these calls, although her keen sense of right and her knowledge of what John really is hold her in check and keep him at a distance. To all parties concerned, even to Grace, there seems to be growing between them a warm attachment. Grace herself is not conscious of any repellant force.

CHAPTER X

GEORGE STOCKWORTH

There was working in the mine at which John Gledman was keeping the weights a young man by the name of George Stockworth. George was strong and vigorous, a good workman and a very worthy young man. In his boyhood he had become acquainted with Helen Hendman. He had attended school with her and they had played together when children. They had always been good friends. This friendship had grown with their years and ripened with their growth; and now in their young manhood and womanhood there is a close bond between them. During the sickness and death of her father he was at her side to help as much as it was possible for him to be.

After her father's death and when she was at work at Senator Stenwick's, many an evening after the day's work is done for each of them do they spend together planning their future home and how Mrs. Hendman and the children shall have their home with them. Many an evening do they spend with Grace and John playing some game in the Stenwick parlors or on warm moonlight evenings strolling through the groves; for you must not forget that Grace and Helen continue to be firm friends.

John, who has always been aristocratic, born of aristocratic parents and strongly inclined to consid-

er himself much better than common working people, thinks it is not the thing that he should be forced to come down on a level and associate with George Stockworth, a common day laborer, and that Grace should put herself on a level with Helen Hendman, a hired girl. John often talks to Grace about it and at one time said, "Why, mother does not allow our hired girl even to eat at the table with us nor sit in the sitting room with us during the evening, but she has to eat and sit in the kitchen, and entertain her friends in the kitchen." But this makes no difference to Grace and she continues to arrange for the meetings of the four.

Grace oftentimes entertains the other three with her skill on the piano. Sometimes she accompanies Helen and George as they sing their songs of sweet melody, for they are both good singers. On these occasions of musical entertainment, John is left simply to listen, for he is neither singer nor player. While sitting by himself at these times when the other three are engaged in singing and playing he becomes envious of George, for John is of an envious disposition, and accuses him of being the cause that he is thus left alone so much. "For," says he to himself, "if it were not for George's coming here to see Helen, I should have Grace alone to myself, but his coming too takes away from me her private company and deprives me of the opportunity to talk to her and tell her many things which I wish to say. Then the idea of their being in the same room with us. They ought to stay in the kitchen."

On the next day after one of these musical treats

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at the Stenwick home and after John had had one of his especially envious times, George, being a day laborer, was assigned to a dirty, disagreeable job of work, something which had not happened before, for George, being a good, trusty workman, was usually put at the jobs requiring skill and care. George went to the work assigned him and said nothing, but felt sure that something was wrong. On the following day there was another still more disagreeable job assigned to him to be done and still George said nothing but did his work. This continued day after day, the work becoming more and more disagreeable and difficult to perform; but still George did not make any complaint nor say anything about it; however he continued to wonder what had caused so great a change in the pit boss.

When George and John would meet at the Stenwicks' John would be sour and glum to George, but George would treat John as cordially as ever, for he had not as yet connected John in any way with the mine treatment.

Finally, one day John muses, "This method does not seem to work. I must try something else. I thought these disagreeable jobs would drive him from the mine and out of the town far enough away so he would not be hanging around the Stenwicks'. I wish I could stir up some trouble between Grace and Helen and get Helen away, then I surely would be rid of George; but I know I cannot do anything with them for they are too fast friends. It is a shame that Grace will allow herself to be a friend of a servant girl. I must come down a little harder on

George, and get him out of the mine in some way."

As soon as John has an opportunity, he sees the pit boss and says to him, "Our plan does not seem to work with George. I see he does not leave the mine, and I am bothered with him as much as ever at Mr. Stenwick's. How does he seem to take his jobs? "

"He does them all right," replies the pit boss, "and does not complain in the least."

"Why not find fault with his work, some parts of it that are not well done?"

"That is difficult to do, John, because he always does his work so well, but I have pretended to find defects and have severely criticised him already."

"How does he take your criticisms?"

"He always takes them so good-naturedly that I feel ashamed of myself."

"Can't you come down on him still harder? Something has to be done. I can't endure his being around the Stenwicks' when I am there. Assign him still more difficult and disagreeable jobs, and if he refuses to do them discharge him."

"Can't you get rid of him at the Stenwicks' in some other way, John? He is so good a hand that I do not like to lose him from the mine."

"Oh, you weak back, what is the trouble with you? I must insist that you find some way to discharge him from the mine, Jake. Be sure that it happens to-morrow."

John's word with the pit boss, Jake Strong, was as good as law, for it was through John's efforts with his father that Jake held his present position,

hence Jake felt under obligations to John to do for him what he could.

The next day after John's conversation with Jake, George is assigned to cleaning out an old room that had fallen in, and where the black damp was strong. George tried three times to enter and work but the black damp put out his lamp every time. He reported the fact to Will, the room assistant, and he reported it to Jake, the pit boss, who said, "There isn't enough black damp there to hurt anybody. I have had trouble with George for several days. Tell him to work as best he can without a light till he can force the draft through and drive out the black damp."

At this order George tried again, but could not remain. When this was reported to Jake, he handed George his time and told him to report to the office and get his pay. This meant his discharge of course.

Everybody in the mine, especially George and Will, the assistant, wondered what this could mean and what was back of it all, for they could see no good reason for the pit boss' action.

CHAPTER XI

GRACE GIVES JOHN HER OPINION

That night George calls on Helen at her own home and makes known to her his discharge. He says, "I know that I have done the best I could, still Jake has found fault with me for the last three or four days, and to-day it was simply impossible for me to stay in that room. The black damp put my lamp out four times, and I could not work in there without losing my life. For not working under such circumstances he discharges me. I cannot understand why this change has come over Jake, and why he treats me as he does. He never treated me so before. I am sure something is wrong, but what it is I do not know. I have always had a good record in the mine, but now he has ruined it. We had always been such friends, why did he not come to me if I had done anything wrong and give me a chance to make it right? It is not right; I should have had an opportunity to redeem myself if anything was wrong on my part."

Helen said, "He has not treated you right. I believe in you, George. I do not believe you have not been doing your work well and the best you could, for you are too anxious to earn money for us to use in starting housekeeping. I wish Grace knew about this."

That same evening, at the Stenwick home, John was calling on Grace. During the evening he took occasion to remark that he was of the opinion they wouldn't be bothered any longer with George Stockworth.

"Why not?" said Grace, "He has not been bothering anybody so far as I know."

"Oh, he's been discharged to-day for disobedience. He *has* been bothering me," was John's reply.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. And to make his discharge a little surer I have been playing a trick on him. I have been working his pit boss a little. He and I have had a little secret understanding. I hope you will now see, Grace, that he is not a fit associate for you and me here at your home."

"But, John, didn't you say that you played a trick on him and got the pit boss to discharge him, or words to that effect?"

"Of course I did, but don't you give me away. It was for you as well as for me. The fact is I became tired of having him and Helen sing while you played, leaving me to sit by myself. You don't blame me, do you? I desired to have you to myself and did not like to have them around. I took that way to rid us of them."

"But, John, that was not right for you to cause George to lose his job and bring disgrace on him just to please yourself."

"Oh, he'll find a job away from here in some other town and then we shall not be troubled with him."

"How about Helen's being deprived of his company, John?"

"She can see him occasionally and that will do for her."

"You object to being away from me that I may play the piano just across the room, but you do not object to separating Helen and George for weeks at a time. What do you think of such conduct?"

To this John has nothing to say, but hangs his head. There begins to dawn upon Grace's mind more clearly than before the untrueness and unworthiness of John Gledman's character. His trickery in working the pit boss against George seems very repulsive to her pure and honest nature; and then he seems so heartless towards Helen in not caring that he deprived her of her lover's company.

After a moment she said, "Look at me, John. I can't help but feel that you are in the wrong in this whole matter, and that George and Helen have rights which you have not respected. George is truly entitled to the full confidence of his pit boss as he always has had, and you have no right to deprive him of it. It looks to me as though you are taking from him what belongs to him. Again you have no right to drive him from the mine and from this locality, for he has as much right here as you have or any other man has. Because your father or mine has a few thousand dollars that fact does not give you nor me exclusive right to this locality."

"It may be, Grace, that I had no right to trick him, but you know 'the weaker must give way to the stronger.' He was in my way and I, having the

power, used it to get him out of my way. This you know, Grace, is the law of the world."

"It may be the law of the world as you say, John, but it is not the law of God and it is wrong."

"You say, Grace, he has as much right in this mine as I have. You forget my father is a large stockholder, and on that account I have more right here than he has."

"And, John, you forget George's side of the question. Is man of less value than money? George has put eight years of his life in this mine. Are not eight years of life of more value than a few hundred or a few thousands of dollars?"

"But, Grace, he has had his pay for his work."

So has your father had his dividends on his stock. Wherein then are you more entitled to be at work in the mine than he is? Again, John, you seem to lose sight of the fact that to all intents and purposes this is Helen's home for the present by an arrangement with mother, and she is paying for the use of it with her labor. She is fully entitled therefore to receive her company here and to have proper respect shown her and them. The fact that I am the daughter of Senator Stenwick who is counted a wealthy man does not entitle me to any more consideration than should be given to Helen Hendman although her father was a miner and a poor man. It is womanhood that counts and not money nor station."

"Well, Grace, you may think as you please, but I do not care to be associated with that class of people. I count myself better than they are."

"You may be better than they are, John, I will not say, for goodness is an inner quality and does not consist of fine clothes nor costly houses, nor any other exterior. If you persist in the first part of your statement that you do not care to associate with that class of people, then of course you cut yourself off from calling on me; for as long as Helen is working for us and as long as George calls on her, you may rest assured they will be with me in the parlor, on the lawn, in the grove or wherever it suits us to be, whenever it seems agreeable to them and to me. I should like to say agreeable to you too, but you have put yourself outside of the circle by putting yourself in opposition. Put yourself in sympathy with them and then your wishes shall also be consulted. Helen is a dear friend of mine and George is a friend of mine because he is Helen's friend. He who expects to be a friend of mine must not put himself in opposition to them and he who expects to call on me must expect to be at times in their company, and treat them with respect."

John Gledman left the presence of Grace at the close of this evening's interview with a feeling that he had not improved his own case with her. He was conscious of an estrangement on her part, yet he thought he was on the safe side because his parents and hers favored his suit.

CHAPTER XII

WILFRED GLENN

In the Merfield mine there was an assistant to the pit boss by the name of Wilfred Glenn who by great energy and honesty of purpose had worked himself up in a few years from that of trapper to his present position. Wilfred, "Will" as the men good naturedly called him, was a young man of commanding presence, he was tall and well proportioned. He had a pleasant way with him and had the good will of all his men. The superintendent had observed this young man in his duties and had called the attention of Mr. Stenwick to him as a coming man of the mine. Wilfred had had several occasions to call at Mr. Stenwick's office on business of the mine. On some of these calls he had chanced to meet Grace Stenwick, who frequently came to her father's office on her trips of pleasure or mercy or business. She had met him cordially at these times as she always met everybody. It was after she felt somewhat acquainted with him that she asked him on two or three occasions to help her in delivering some packages to some needy families. On the evening following her last conversation with John she happened to see Mr. Glenn at the office after his day's work was done and asked him to go with her again. Grace thought nothing of this nor did Wilfred; but John having seen the two start off together on former occasions

and now again so lately after her giving him so serious a talk on the preceding evening, put a different construction on their acts and set his head to stop it.

While Wilfred is on his trip this evening with Grace, he chances to remark, "I lost one of my best men yesterday. It was George Stockworth. I suspect you know him well. He was one of the best workers and one of the most trusty men I ever had or knew. The pit boss had his reasons for discharging him I suppose, but I do not know what they are."

"The charge made against him," said Grace, "was that he refused to do duty."

"Who made such a charge as that against him?" asked Wilfred.

"Some of the officials, so I hear," said Grace.

"There must be a mistake somewhere. The officials must have some other reason, for I do not think he has refused to do anything. I never had a better worker. He could not go in a black damp room yesterday morning, but there must have been something back of that or the Company would not have discharged him for not doing what he could not do. They must have used that simply as an excuse. By the way, I hear he is fond of your girl, Helen. I wonder where he will go and what he will do now that he has lost his job in the mine. He will not like to leave Helen. I should like to see him before he leaves town if he intends going. He seems to me to be a noble young man."

"Yes, he does seem to be fond of Helen, and I do

not believe that noble natures like his can deceive, hence I think he is fond of her. Helen is a dear friend of mine, hence I should not like to have her deceived. George comes to our house often to see her and I have learned to think highly of him. I like him for Helen's sake for I think so much of her. Do you think there would be any possibility of getting him back in the mine, if his refusal to do duty is found to be a mistake, and he is proved to be a good worker?"

"I do not know, Miss Stenwick. The Company does not like to undo its action, and then perhaps it had some other reason for discharging him besides the incident of yesterday morning. I am inclined to believe there is something back of it all."

"No," said Grace, "I am sure there was no other reason."

"You might talk to your father, Miss Stenwick He might look up the case and determine for himself whether George was justly discharged."

"Mr. Glenn, would you be willing to speak to father about George and tell him there is something wrong somewhere, that he is a good worker? He seems to have confidence in you."

"I should not like to go to your father without a request from him; but if he should ask me concerning George, I would be perfectly willing to tell him any of my experience with him."

After these two had separated, Wilfred could not help a feeling of admiration for the nobility of character which he found in Miss Stenwick; while she could not help contrasting Mr. Glenn's high moral

sense with the lack of moral sense of John Gledman. The wish that John had as noble a heart as Wilfred insisted on entering her mind; then that other companion thought,—why cling to a body and reject a soul, why not better cling to the soul and reject the body if necessary,—followed naturally. Thus began two trains of thought that will end, we know not where.

It was several days before Grace had an opportunity to talk with her father about George's discharge. George had studiously avoided the Stenwick home, and had met Helen at her own home. When Grace did have an opportunity to talk to her father and tell him that there must be some mistake about George Stockworth, he was greatly surprised and promised her to look into the matter.

This is the way some business men have of getting rid of an unpleasant job. Perhaps Mr. Stenwick had not thought of "looking into the matter", perhaps he thought the young man was worthy of a discharge or he would not have been discharged. Again, perhaps he did intend to look into the matter because of his confidence in his daughter.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PLOT BEGUN

John Gledman had not made as frequent visits to the Stenwick home for the last few days for two reasons: first, he was conscious that there was an estrangement between him and Grace; second, he had a consciousness that, on his own part, he was planning a scheme that, if it should become known that he was involved, would still further strain the relationship between them, although he is forming the plot to remove the already existing estrangement—so blind is self-interest.

John Gledman had made his threat against Will Glenn to himself. His scheme had worked so well he thought, against George Stockworth, that he felt confident in making one work against Will Glenn.

In Will's gang of men there was working a man that had not proved himself worthy of the confidence of the assistant and in consequence had not been entrusted with jobs which required skill joined with trust, such jobs as would naturally have fallen to him, if he had been trustworthy. Grant Worthington, for that was his name, was conscious that he was unworthy of the trust of the assistant, hence his ill will had not been aroused against his superior, Will Glenn.

There is commonly lingering in the heart of many people a goodly supply of undeveloped evil, harm-

less as it exists there inactive, but to be feared when once it is aroused. So it was with Grant Worthington. There was a spirit in him dormant at present, but if awakened there is no telling what it might do.

John Gledman was a good reader of human nature as well as a good athlete. He saw this slumbering fire in Grant's breast and determined to kindle it and use it as a means to accomplish his purpose.

One evening as the men were coming from the mine at the close of work, he met Grant and in his smooth, winning way, said, "Grant, can't you come over this evening after supper? I should like to have a little chat with you—a little private talk."

"I don't know, John. There is a meeting of the Union to-night, and I ought to attend that. There is some important business on hand so I understand, and all members are especially requested to be present. We must look after the Union, you know."

"Yes, that is true, I presume, but our house, you know, is on the way to your hall. Stop in a moment as you pass, Grant. I will not keep you long—only a few moments."

"All right, John. I will be at your house about seven or seven-thirty."

At 7:15 the door bell rang at Mr. Gledman's house. John, surmising who was at the door, answered the call and found Grant standing there. They both went at once to John's room. As soon as they were seated John began the conversation by saying, "How are you getting along with your work, Grant?"

"Very well, thank you, John."

"In looking over the bookkeeper's wage list to-day I saw that your wages do not rank very high. How does that happen? How does it come, Grant, that you do not get as much as some of the others?"

"Oh, I don't know. Spose I don't earn any more."

"How does it come that you don't get some of the 'specials' that command a higher rate? You ought to be more than a 'roustabout,' Grant."

"I spect that's so, John. Will doesn't see fit to give me any better jobs, so I take what he gives me. I spose I don't deserve any better."

"Don't you deserve as good jobs as Jack Hansford? You have been in the mine as long as he has and he is driller already. Why are you not driller too?"

"I don't know."

"If you have been working in the mine as long as he has you ought to have as good jobs and as good wages."

"I bleve that so."

"Come, now, Grant, do you really think you are having a fair show? I have had my eye on you for several days, and I have seen nothing but what should merit more than you are getting. Has Will got it in for you do you suppose? But I promised not to keep you long to-night. You think about it. Keep your eyes open and let me know what you see. I will do the same and report to you."

"All right; I'll keep my eyes open for you as well as for myself. Good-night, John, and many thanks for your interest in me."

"Good-night, Grant." "Interest in him! I should

say! Where is my interest? In Grant Worthington or in John Gledman? If I know myself it is not in Grant Worthington. All the interest I have in him is that I may use him as a tool to accomplish my end. I think I have sown some seed in his mind and I shall watch eagerly for the harvest. May it bring forth an abundant crop."

That night at the meeting of the Union among other matters of importance, the discharge of George Stockworth from the mine was discussed. The question was what position the Union should take in the matter. If he was justly discharged the sentiment seemed to be that they should acquiesce, but if he was unjustly discharged then an investigation should be made and the guilty party brought to justice.

As preliminary to any action the chairman asked his foreman, Will Glenn, what kind of a workman George was, and what his opinion was as to the justice or injustice of his discharge.

In reply to the question of the Chair, Mr. Glenn said that he never had a better worker than George Stockworth, and that he was confident there was some bad influence at work against George, or that the Company had some reason back of the occurrence of that morning for his discharge. He then related the circumstances which led up to Stockworth's dismissal. Before taking his seat he moved: "That the Company be respectfully requested to reinstate George Stockworth, if after an investigation, it be found that he is innocent of the charge of insubordination; that an investigation be then instituted to determine on whom the guilt should rest of

falsely charging him with insubordination; and that the guilty party be punished with a discharge from his present position, if in the employ of the Company."

This motion was quickly seconded, and then it was declared by the Chair to be open for discussion.

These were some of the points emphasized in the discussion: The Union is as well qualified to judge of the worth of the workers as the Company and should have a voice in such decision. In moral right the Company has no more right to discharge a workman who has spent years of his life in that position, than the Union has to discharge a member of the Company who has his money invested. In both cases there is an investment—one has invested years of his life, the other thousands of dollars. In both cases, if any discharge is to be made, it should be only for incompetency or wrong-doing, based upon a thorough investigation into the truth or falsity of the charges preferred. Under present conditions a workman should not be discharged for implied misconduct without a hearing and a fair opportunity to establish his conduct as right.

Wilfred Glenn, George's foreman, took an active part in this discussion and made some of the strongest argument. Although he was in the direct employ of the Company, his sympathies were with the Union, and he felt safe in expressing himself, because it is a binding law of the Union that the doings and sayings of the meetings shall be held sacred and not revealed outside.

George Stockworth said that he would be willing

to submit to the discharge and disgrace if he were guilty of the charge brought against him; but he had tried to be obedient to the wishes of those under whom he worked. He had tried to be an honest and a faithful worker. He objected to submitting to the disgrace of the name Insubordinate when he had tried so hard to be obedient; and was sure he had been ready to obey. He had already suffered financially in being out of work for these few days. He did not ask the Union to favor him in the least wherein he was wrong.

This closed the discussion and the motion was carried without a dissenting vote. The secretary was instructed to communicate this action of the Union to the president of the Company, Mr. Stenwick.

On the way home from this meeting, Grant Worthington communed thus with himself: "Will Glenn *has* not treated me right. I am a more skilled workman than Jack Hansford, and yet he has put him at jobs that rightly belong to me. What right has Will to treat me in such a manner? I never did him any harm, and yet he has cut me many a time by giving to others jobs which of right belong to me. Perhaps some time I shall have a chance to get even with him. It looks as though he were shining around the president's daughter. He must think he is somebody because he is assistant pit boss. I have seen him walking around with her several times. I wonder what John thinks about that. I wonder if he knows it. He told me to keep my eyes open. I'll have something to tell him the next time I see him."

The next morning on his way to the mine Grant

overtook John on his way to work. As Grant came up John says, "What's the news, Grant? What kind of a time did you have at the meeting last night?"

"Grace Stenwick's got a new beau, I see."

"What do you mean, Grant?"

"Nothing, only I saw Will Glenn out walking with her last evening. She seems to enjoy walking with him. I have seen them walking together several times. You will have to look out or Will will cut you out, so keep your eyes open."

John did not need any touching up on this point for he was fully aroused already; but he was more anxious about another point just now, so he said, "Oh, that's all right, Grant, a young lady must have some liberty. But answer me, 'What kind of a time did you have at the meeting last night?' Did you do anything special which you could tell a poor outsider?"

Grant hesitated for he knew that it was strictly against the rules of the Union to reveal anything of the inside actions or words, yet he is anxious to tell John what the Union did with respect to the discharge of George Stockworth. Overcoming his scruples and asking John to be sure not to give him away, he told him what action the Union had taken concerning George.

This was the information which John desired for he had suspicioned some such action on the part of the Union, and he was very anxious to get hold of the particulars, so he asked, "Who made the motion, Grant?"

The fact of the action would necessarily have to be

made known by the secretary of the Union to the president of the Company; but telling who made the motion was another thing. The first step had been taken, so it was very easy to take the second. Furthermore, Grant thinks he has a case against Will Glenn, so he answers the question.

"Will Glenn, Grace Stenwick's new beau, made the motion, and made a rousin' speech on it, too."

"Oh, hush up about Grace Stenwick and her beau and tell me what Will said."

"He said that he never had a better workman than George, and that there must be some mistake, or some evil influence had been at work 'gainst him."

John has now what he has been longing for. Grant has done his supposed enemy a greater injury than he imagines.

CHAPTER XIV

THE DIRECTORS' MEETING

Senator Stenwick carries out his promise to his daughter, that he would look after the case of George Stockworth, sooner than he thought he would and in a different way from what he had supposed, if he had any idea whatever of looking after it.

In the mail the Monday morning after the meeting of the Union, he received a letter with the official stamp of the secretary of the Union on the envelope. He opened this quickly for to him it betokened something important. He read the action taken and then remembered the conversation with his daughter about the same subject. He at once goes to the office of the Company's secretary, and directs him to issue a call for a directors' meeting that same afternoon at 4 o'clock. Then he goes to the bank to have a private talk with Nathan Gledman about the action of the Union. He finds Mr. Gledman in his private office and is cordially welcomed by that official. Mr. Stenwick hands him the letter from the secretary of the Union and tells him that he has called a directors' meeting for this afternoon at 4 o'clock, to consider the contents of the letter.

After reading the letter, Mr. Gledman said, "I do not think I should have troubled myself and the directors to call a meeting over that action. I should have replied that we absolutely refuse to reinstate

George Stockworth and to institute an investigation, for we refuse to be dictated to in running our own business; or perhaps, this would have been still better, to ignore their communication entirely. Inasmuch, however, as you have already called the meeting, I think we can soon dispose of the matter. I for one am ready to pass a resolution embodying the import of what I have said."

"I do not know, Nathan, whether we better take any action so summary as that or not. My daughter, Grace, came to me the other day and told me about the discharge of George Stockworth, and gave me to understand that there was something wrong about it some way. I told her I would look into it, but I have been so very busy that I have not done as I promised her; in fact, I had almost forgotten it, till this letter came and reminded me of it. She knows George pretty well as he comes frequently to call on our hired girl. By the way your son must know him, too, as they often meet when John comes to call on Grace. I have not seen John at our home so often for the last few days. I hope there is no trouble between the two."

"No, I hope not," said Mr. Gledman. "About that other matter though, I think the best way is not to yield to them. If we yield in one point they will raise a dozen."

"I think, Nathan, I better go over to the mine and see Jake Strong, the pit boss, to find out the reason why he discharged him."

On reaching the mine he asked Mr. Maybrick, the superintendent, to call the pit boss up from the

mine for a few moments' conversation. When he arrived he took him into his own office and asked him what the charge was against George Stockworth for which he discharged him.

"His work," said Mr. Strong, "had not been satisfactory for several days previous to his discharge. On the day of his dismissal in the morning, I assigned him to clean out an old room and he refused and did not do it, so I discharged him for insubordination. How could I have done otherwise?"

"Is there any reason," asked Mr. Stenwick, "why he refused?"

"Only his stubbornness, I think. He said there was black damp in the room; but I think that was only an excuse to get rid of doing what he did not desire to do. He could have worked in the room if he had wished."

"Are you sure there is nothing back of this whole matter besides George's work? Are you sure it is his work that has caused his discharge?"

"Yes, sir. You know I said his work had not been satisfactory for sev'ral days."

"But why, Mr. Strong, has there been such a change? You used formerly to speak so nicely of him and compliment him so highly?"

"I 'spect the change is in him, Senator."

"Mr. Glenn, your assistant, has always spoken well of him, too. Does he agree with you in this change in George?"

"I don't know."

"That is all, Mr. Strong."

Mr. Stenwick could see throughout the conversa-

tion that Jake Strong was not easy, that he was not giving his replies in a free and open manner. He was impressed that he had not received all the truth from the pit boss.

On his return home at noon, he called Grace into his room and said, "How do you know, Grace, that there is something wrong about George's discharge? Mr. Strong, the pit boss, says he refused to do a piece of work which he assigned him to do. What do you know about it, Grace?"

Grace, true to her lover, and wishing not to expose but to shield him, and yet anxious that George should be shown innocent of the charge, said, "Oh, papa, don't ask me. I must not tell, but something is wrong. Yes, *I know*, father. I wish you would look carefully into it."

Mr. Stenwick was puzzled, but he did not think it wise to press the case further with Grace. He felt confident, however, from Grace's manner and from Jake Strong's replies that there was more than what Jake had told him,—that he was keeping something unrevealed.

John Gledman had learned through Grant Worthington, of course, of the action which the Union had taken, and soon afterwards he learned of the call of the directors' meeting for the afternoon. In order that he may forestall any investigating by a committee which might prove disastrous to him, he decides to go home for his noon meal, and have a talk with his father, to prejudice him, if possible, against George Stockworth and in favor of Jake Strong. At the dinner table he directed the conversation to the

action of the Union, and of course took sides against it, and in favor of the discharge. He told his father that George was a great trouble to Jake, the pit boss, that Jake had had to find fault with his work on several occasions, and on the day of his discharge he had absolutely refused to do what the pit boss told him to do. "What could Jake do but discharge him? It will not do for a foreman to have a man under him who will not obey orders. Mr. Strong would have to throw up his job if George Stockworth were put back. So far as an investigation is concerned, there is nothing to investigate. George disobeyed and was discharged; that is all there is of it."

"I think," said his father, "that we shall be able to dispose of the case in a few moments after we meet. The principle of the thing is bad. The Company must maintain its dignity and its rights. It must stand by its foreman."

"I hope, father, that you will take a decided stand and not let Senator Stenwick have his easy, good-natured way. Of course he is always ready to forgive everything and everybody and give him another chance. He will advocate, I feel sure, the policy of reinstating George and of giving him another trial; but you see that would cause Jake Strong to lose all his influence over his men."

"Do not fear, son, I am not disposed to look upon such conduct with leniency; but Senator Stenwick has an idea that there is something wrong about it."

"There can't be anything wrong. He simply disobeyed the pit boss, and that is all there is of it. There is no chance for a mistake. I must hasten

back to the mine, or I shall be late. I was anxious for you to know about this George Stockworth case before the directors' meeting so I ran home for dinner."

On his way back he said to himself, "I think I sowed some good seed in the old man's mind. He will show that George Stockworth a thing or two. If father can have his way that young man will not be reinstated, but if Mr. Stenwick really sets his mind upon an investigation, I fear he may win, for his influence in the Board is great. I hope Grace has not given me away to her father. I wonder if that is the reason he thinks there is something wrong. No, she would not do that, I know her too well. What a fool I was to tell her that I had anything to do with George's discharge. The next time I hope I shall have sense enough to keep my mouth shut."

That was a long drawn out afternoon to John, waiting for the directors' meeting at 4 o'clock for he was very anxious about the outcome of that meeting. He well knew that if they yielded to the Union and held an investigation he would have a difficult time to keep out of trouble. The tediousness of the afternoon was broken by the arrival of Grace at the office of the mine to see her father. She was also on her way to see Mrs. Hendman and then to call on a sick woman. John saw her from his position in the tipple and waved his hand at her; but it was enough to break the weary waiting.

Four o'clock came and the directors are in the president's office. He lays before them the special business for the meeting—the action of the Union

with regard to the discharge of George Stockworth by the pit boss, Jake Strong, for insubordination. "Yet," continues the president, "there may be some mistake about the matter, and that may be the reason why the Union desires an investigation. The secretary will read the communication from the Union and then the subject will be before you for your consideration."

After the reading of the letter by the secretary, the president said that it might be well to discuss the subject in a general way before a motion was made that a more intelligent idea of the resolution might be obtained.

Mr. Gledman was the first to speak. He said: "I do not believe there is any need of discussing so clear a case of interference with another one's business. It seems to me that the Union is trying to occupy ground belonging to the Company and endeavoring to monopolize its privileges. I for one am in favor of positively refusing the three items of the communication, or of treating it with utter contempt by not taking any action whatever and not sending any reply, to teach the Union to mind its own business."

Mr. Jackson, who had been seen by Mr. Gledman beforehand and instructed what to do and when to do it, said: "I agree with Mr. Gledman in all he said and I think this question should be settled once for all time and settled in a very positive way."

The Chair said it could do no harm to institute an investigation. If the pit boss was correct, it could not do him any harm to look into the matter; but if

he made a mistake he should be not only willing but glad to correct it.

Mr. Jameson, a close friend of Mr. Stenwick's, agreed with the chairman. And so they stood two and two. Mr. Tomas, the fifth member had not expressed himself, but Mr. Stenwick thought he knew his sentiments along such lines of thought.

Mr. Gledman, fearing that a sentiment might be worked up for an investigation or for reinstating George, moved: "That this Company decidedly refuse to conduct an investigation into the action of the pit boss, Jake Strong, in discharging George Stockworth, and decline to consider reinstating him except on the recommendation of the pit boss."

Mr. Jameson, who had been instructed by Mr. Gledman, seconded the motion.

After a little further discussion, the vote was taken and the secretary was instructed to communicate the action of the Company to the secretary of the Union.

CHAPTER XV

GRACE STENWICK'S PARTY

On the evening of the meeting of the directors there was an anniversary party at the Stenwick's mansion in honor of the twenty-first birthday of Grace. She had invited John Gledman, Wilfred Glenn, George Stockworth, Gladys Tomas, the daughter of James Tomas one of the directors of the mine, Mr. and Mrs. Tomas, Mr. and Mrs. Gledman, and numerous other friends. Of course Helen Hendman was there and recognized as a guest, because Mrs. Stenwick had excused her from duty that evening that she might be one of the guests. This was done at the request of Grace.

In order that some of the events of the evening may be better understood, it is necessary to become acquainted with the general characteristics of Gladys Tomas. Her father was one of the wealthy men of Merfield and Gladys knew this. She was considered a pretty young lady and she knew this too. Her complexion was very fair, her eyes were blue, her hair was a beautiful golden color, and the contour of her face was that of a natural beauty; this she also knew. Her bearing was that of a society belle. Because of these qualities so well known to herself, she had learned to think well of herself and of her position. In her own estimation, there was only one young man present suited to attend her, and she was

ing Wilfred. If the truth were known John spent more time and thought on Grace and Wilfred and their conversation than he did on Gladys and his conversation with her. What an evil spirit jealousy is when it once enters the human heart. The Evil One himself must be put to his wits' end to keep ahead.

No one should blame either Wilfred or Grace in this case, for John is looking at them through jealous eyes and magnifies all favorable appearances. Grace, as is well known, is a charming young lady and of course is as attractive to Wilfred as to John. Wilfred is a young man of gentlemanly bearing, native intelligence, and strong manhood. Such a young man will appeal to the good judgment of any young lady of good solid sense. Hence Grace does enjoy Wilfred's company. Although Wilfred sees that his company is by no means displeasing to Miss Stenwick, yet he is too much of a gentleman to take advantage of it to force himself too much upon her good graces; for he felt there were two barriers between him and her: his position as a working man, while she was a lady of wealthy parents and of recognized high social standing; second, her well-known relationship to John Gledman. Wilfred is human, of course, and we must count it but human if there should be a lingering desire within him that conditions might be different; but such desire scarcely comes to the surface of his mind, at least it does not find expression in act. He cannot help but see the womanhood manifest in her conversation and in every action. During the supper they arrange to go

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the next evening with Helen and George, if agreeable to them, to visit some poor families of the town and carry with them some needed articles of food and clothing.

Helen and George are together, of course, at the supper table, and much during the evening when they are not engaged in playing some games with the others.

It leaks out during the evening after supper that the directors have refused to comply with the request of the miners to hold an investigation to determine as to the guilt or the innocency of George Stockworth. Different groups discuss the Company's decision for or against, according as their sympathies are.

After George learns of the refusal, he and Helen take themselves to one side to talk over the subject by themselves. They are both intelligent young people who read and think for themselves and are capable of discussing this subject. They recognize the rights of Capital, but while Capital has its rights, Labor also has its.

Helen says, "I cannot see why a living human energy is not of more value than a dead, inactive energy, useless unless it is utilized by the human. In other words why is not the human hand directed by the human brain of more value than a machine, and the building which contains the machine?"

"I look at it in this way, Helen: Capital is the Company's machine. They with their machine organize, furnish the building, the machinery, and brains, and set the business in operation; the miner's

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hands with his pick and shovel are the miner's capital. With this capital directed by his brain and skill he carries on the work set in operation by the Company. It looks to me that the Company runs one end of the business while the miner runs the other. Both are essential to the business; both are responsible alike; both should share alike in management, in labor, and in gains and losses. Capital has its part of the work to do, and Labor has its. I cannot see that Capital without its accompanying labor is entitled to much returns for its use; still less can I see that Capital should demand the entire management of the business."

"Do you intend to say, George, that unless the capitalist works either with his hands or his mind in the business, he is not entitled to much returns from the business simply on the grounds that he has money invested in that business?"

"That is about what I mean, Helen; for Capital is a dead thing in itself and cannot produce except as labor sets it in operation. Labor only can produce, hence Labor only is entitled to products. It is possible that Capital unaccompanied by the labor of the capitalist might be allowed some little return, but even this is questionable. However, that is not exactly the point I wish to make. My point is this: Capital with its planning and directing energy should meet Labor with its planning and directing energy on a perfect level, so that the two may be equal—neither one 'lording' it over the other. If this be true then Capital can no more discharge a laborer at its pleasure than Labor can discharge a

capitalist at its pleasure. The two have formed a partnership which neither can break without the consent of the other, till the terms of the contract are met. When the directors voted to refuse an investigation they violated this right of Labor, without which right Labor is a slave and not a freeman."

"What you say concerning Capital violating the right of Labor is so much like the spirit which John Gledman manifests that I cannot help but associate him with this whole trouble of yours, George. He seems to me to be of that class who think that the rich are the lords of creation and the poor are their slaves. I do not know why, but he seems to ignore me when he comes to call on Grace."

"He has always been so overbearing to me also," said George. "He seems to think he possesses the entire guest right at this home and that I ought not to be here. But I do not wish to misjudge him."

"It seems to me," said Helen, "that he might treat us both more pleasantly than he does. How different he is from Grace—how common she is, how overbearing he is."

"What do you think you will do?" continued Helen, "inasmuch as the Company will not let you back in the mine?"

"I do not know, Helen. I do not suppose I can get in any other mine near here. Sometimes I think I shall go to West Virginia in the coal mines there."

"Oh, don't George! What should I do? Don't go so far away. You know I have so lately lost father and now must I lose you? Must you be torn from me when I have learned to lean on you so

much? Oh, how cruel it was in Jake to discharge you when you did the best you could!" And she hid her face on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Helen, I could get work there and soon send for you."

In a moment she summoned her womanhood, raiser her head and said, "Can't you get something to do here in Merfield?"

"You know, Helen, that I have never worked at anything but mine work. In fact, I do not know anything about any other work. I shall feel it so deeply if I am forced away from you, but what can I do? Believe me I shall be unhappy away from you, but I see no other way. Some light may come in the next two or three days."

And it did come, but in a very unexpected way. The two now joined the crowd in their merry making, and drowned the sorrows of the present.

AND SHE HID HER FACE ON HIS SHOULDER AND BURST INTO TEARS—PAGE 102

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CHAPTER XVI

THE PARTY CONCLUDED

After supper Grace excused herself from Wilfred to attend to her general duties as hostess, leaving Mr. Glenn free to join himself with some one else. Seeing Mr. Nathan Gledman sitting at leisure by the side of his wife, Wilfred crossed the room to him.

"How are you enjoying the evening, Mr. Gledman?"

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Glenn. Are you having a pleasant evening? But I need not ask that, as I could tell that you were enjoying yourself at the table with Miss Stenwick."

"Yes, she is a very refined lady and any one ought to feel honored to be in her company."

"You, especially, ought to feel highly honored to have so refined a lady ask you to escort her to the table."

"I certainly do appreciate the honor which she gave me. By the way, Mr. Gledman, Mr. Stenwick tells me that the directors this afternoon refused to accede to the request of the Union to hold an investigation to determine the guilt or innocency of George Stockworth in the charge against him of insubordination and refused to consider reinstating him."

"Yes, indeed, we did. We considered it an impertinent request, and refused it with almost dis-

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"Yes, indeed, we did. We considered it an impertinent request, and refused it with almost dis-

dain. We deem it *our* business to have or not to have whatever workers we may choose, and do not care to be dictated to by any outsider.''

''Mr. Gledman, I am interested on both sides. I am an employee of the Company and I am a member of the Union. I try to look at the question from both viewpoints. It is true that your Company has its money invested in the mines, and so far as the civil law is concerned, owns them. You have your rights of course. The law is on your side, and says you own them because you have your ten thousand dollars in them; while here is a miner who has put ten years of his life in these same mines, but the law does not say he owns them nor any share of them for his ten years of life work, as it does say you own them for your ten thousand dollars. And why not? Just because the law is made by and for the capitalist and not by and for the laborer. It has always been so and of course it *seems* to be the right way, that he who puts his money into a business owns that business, while he who puts his life into it does not own it. Is money so much more valuable than life? Would you, think you, at the close of your life, give ten thousand of your dollars, if you could have ten good years of health added to your life? Think for a moment and you must see the injustice of such a law. No, the law should recognize both as becoming equal owners of the business. If this be the correct position, then the Union and the Company should act in conjunction in selecting and disposing of workmen. Thus the *Union had* a right to

request an investigation as to whether George was justly or unjustly discharged."

"I am surprised at such statements from you, Wilfred Glenn. Who ever heard of ideas so ridiculous that a person acquires ownership in a business by working in it?"

"And why not, Mr. Gledman?"

"Because that is not the law."

"That is just what I am complaining of. The law should be impartial, giving to each man his just dues."

"The law, Mr. Glenn, gives the laborer his just dues in his wages."

"If that is true, Mr. Gledman, then the law should give the Company its just dues in giving it only dividends; but in addition to dividends the law gives Capital ownership. That is where the wrong comes in, the injustice of the law. Capital receives ownership, direction and dividends, while Labor receives only wages. I liken a mining business to a partnership—the Company representing one partner and the Union the other. The business, let us say, is to continue five years. During the passing of these five years the stockholders receive their dividends and the miners their wages. At the expiration of the prescribed time the business is settled up and each worker in mine or company and each stockholder receives his proper proportion of the estimated value of the business, each one having the privilege of taking his portion out or leaving it in as he may choose. The same business then can continue for a second period.

"You must see, Mr. Gledman, that by this method of doing business the distinction between Labor and Capital would soon disappear and hence the strife would cease."

"But, don't you see, Mr. Glenn, that the man that put in the money to start the business might, at the end of five years, when the business is settled up, have less capital stock in the business than he put in at the beginning?"

"I do not see that that would necessarily be true. That does prove true sometimes, when a man runs his own business. If the business is properly managed, the man who puts in the money has his dividends, his wages, if he works, and his share of the natural growth of the business for five years. These three items ought to give him a good living and keep his capital in tact and more."

"I think, Mr. Glenn, when those ideas of yours come to be law, it will be time for such men as I am to be gone; for things will be too common for me. I think there is a great difference among people. Pardon me for using you as an illustration. Think how great the difference is between you and Miss Grace Stenwick—she is a lady of education and refinement, while you are—simply a workingman."

"Grant what you say about the difference between Miss Stenwick and me, Mr. Gledman, and yet I can be a gentleman and a workingman too."

"Oh, perhaps," returned Mr. Gledman.

At this point their conversation was broken by a call from Grace for a game of 'Blindman's Buff' to set all in action before separation for the evening.

All were requested to join in a large ring around the room. Grace selected John Gledman and Mrs. Stenwick to be blindfolded while George Stockworth and Mrs. Tomas are put in the ring for the blindfolded ones to catch. Much fun is created when John Gledman catches Mrs. Stenwick and holds her, insisting that he has caught Mrs. Tomas, his partner, but finds the joke is on himself when he removes his bandage and discovers he has the blindfolded Mrs. Stenwick. Replacing the bandage on his eyes and taking aim for Mrs. Tomas he takes her by surprise and has her caught. The game goes on with good cheer to everybody, with changing of partners, with running into each other, with hearty laughs and a general good time, because the would-be differences of social stations are for the time being forgotten. The game and the entire social event were planned by Grace to help break down some little feeling of I-am-better-than-thou spirit which seemed to be creeping into the community.

Mr. Gledman said, "I suggest just one little social dance before we go home. Here Grace, you sit down to the piano and play for us. John, you and Helen take up the rugs. Mrs. Stenwick, will you dance with me? Mr. Stenwick, and John and George, choose your partners. Now we are ready. Oh, not yet, Mr. Tomas, you call off for us. Now we are ready. Give us the music, Grace. Here we go."

Mr. Tomas made them salute their partners, balance all, swing their partners, ladies change, allemande left, almost ad infinitum, till they were all tired.

All went home happy—even John Gledman with Gladys Tomas,—especially Gladys.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PLOT IN MIND

When John had left Gladys at her home and was on the way to his own home, he began to think over the events of the evening. "So far as my nearer approach to Grace is concerned the evening has been a failure. She very adroitly turned me over to Gladys and seemingly sought the company of that Wilfred Glenn. George Stockworth seems to be as much in evidence at the Stenwick home as though he had not been discharged. It does not seem that I have gained very much so far. Those two fellows are in my way and must be disposed of by some means. They must be removed from my path, especially Will Glenn. I could endure George Stockworth if necessary, however, I don't intend it shall be necessary, but Will Glenn—the first thing I know Grace will be giving him the preference to me and I shall be out. That would be a likely story, wouldn't it? John Gledman, the son of Nathan Gledman the banker, cut out by Will Glenn, an assistant pit boss. H'm! I think not. We'll put a stop to that; you'll see. Aha! I have it. I think father and Jake Strong will be good assistants again. They did not fail me before, so I think they will do this time. But what am I to do to get George Stockworth out of my way, now that the worse case is disposed of? He is sim-

ply unbearable to me. He is good enough so far as I know, nor have I ever heard anything against him, but I cannot endure to associate with him on a social level at the Stenwicks. By the way, I have not been there myself so very much of late. I believe I shall call there to-morrow evening."

By this time John had reached his own home. His thoughts were diverted by his mother asking him what made him look and act so cross, after they had had so nice and pleasant a time at Grace's birthday party.

John answered something in a grunt and went to his room to meditate, to plot, and finally, after three hours of thinking and divising, to fall asleep. What these meditations and plots were the sequel will tell.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PLOT IN PROGRESS

The next morning after the anniversary party at the Stenwicks, John Gledman meets his father at the breakfast table. Both are in good spirits; the father because the pleasure of the evening before is still rendering him happy; and John, because he thinks he sees the disposal of his two troubles.

Mrs. Gledman says, "I am glad to see you looking so cheerful this morning, my son."

"Thank you, mother. Are you feeling well and happy this morning?"

"Yes, thank you, as well as usual."

"Father, do you have any idea who it is that is stirring up all of this trouble in the Union against the Company?"

"No, I do not, son. I wish I did. We should soon see to it that he was put, so far as the Company is concerned, where he would not make any more trouble."

"I think I can find out, father."

"That is a difficult thing to do, you know, because the Union keeps its counsels so well to itself."

"I know it does, but I have a 'pard' who will help me out, I feel sure. I shall try to see him to-day if I can, and find out, if possible, what we desire to know. If I find out anything, father, when can I see you?"

"You will find me at the bank very probably during banking hours. You can get off from the mine a few minutes, can't you, and run down, if you get any information."

"Yes, I can get Fred to take my place for a few moments."

"This interference and trouble-making must be stopped at once if possible."

"I think so, too, father. I am sure I can get you some word to-day, if I can see my man."

"We have refused to comply with their request therefore they may possibly take further action. If we can clip the wings of the leader, they will not fly so high."

John left for his work. It seemed best to him not to let his father know that he already had the information that he was pretending to seek.

On reaching the mine he saw Grant Worthington, held a short, private conversation with him and then went to his books. He asked the bookkeeper whether he would relieve him for an hour in the tipple some time during the forenoon. The bookkeeper replied that he would be able to accommodate him.

"Come up then at 9 o'clock, will you?"

"All right."

At 9:15 o'clock John is at the bank and finds his father in his office.

"I have found out who the man is, father. I was pretty sure I could find him out. You will be surprised when I tell you that Wilfred Glenn is the man. He made a stirring speech against the Company and in favor of George Stockworth. He said

George was a good workman, one of the best he ever had under him. He made the motion in the meeting just as it was sent to the Company and then helped it on to a passing by another speech."

"Are you sure, John, you are not mistaken in this?"

"Yes, sir, indeed! I received my information from one who heard the whole proceedings, and he can be relied on, I feel sure."

"I am surprised, replied the father, that Mr. Glenn would do such a thing and yet that harmonizes very well with what he said to me last night at the party. I think the young man ought to be brought to realize in some way that his conduct is injurious both to himself and to the Company."

"I do not know what you would do to such a fellow to get him to realize his position. I think the proper thing to do to him is to discharge him; but that will be difficult for two reasons: Mr. Stenwick thinks well of him I am sure and will try to find some excuse for his conduct; second, Will is very popular with the men and they will all resent his discharge. You know, father, he has interfered between Grace and me of late and it would be a great help to me with her, if he could be out of the way and away from the mine."

"Go back to your work, John, feeling easy, and I will try what I can do with Mr. Stenwick, as soon as I can see him sometime to-day."

Mr. Gledman was kept occupied with bank business till after banking hours. On this account he did not have an opportunity to go to Mr. Stenwick's

office to see him about the case of Wilfred Glenn; but just as he was about to leave the bank, he saw Mr. Stenwick passing. He called him in and, taking him into his private office, related what he had heard from John.

Mr. Stenwick replied, "I am sorry of course that Mr. Glenn has done this. He is a valuable man in our mine. We must handle the case carefully, so as not to lose him if we can possibly help it. On the other hand we cannot afford to keep a man in our employ who is constantly making us trouble, even though he be valuable. We must not give too much attention to what the miners do in their own secret meetings, for they are supposed to be granted the privilege of being a little on the extreme order in the Union."

"I think," said Mr. Gledman, "that his conduct in agitating this trouble merits a discharge at once."

"Do not be too hasty, Mr. Gledman. He is a good workman in our business, and we cannot afford to sacrifice so good a man for a trifle. At least, let us save him to us if we can. Give me an opportunity to-day to look into the circumstances of the case. I will give the matter my special attention. Excuse me now, will you? for I am in haste to attend to a little matter of business at 5 o'clock."

There was nothing left for Mr. Gledman to do but to let it drop for the present.

CHAPTER XIX

THE AUTO RIDE

According to previous arrangement, Grace took Helen, Wilfred and George in her auto for a ride the evening after her party. They first called on Helen's mother. They found her happy in her new home, as happy as a woman could be who had a few weeks before lost a loving husband. By the help of Helen and her oldest son she manages to get along very nicely. Grace sees to it that many a needed gift for table or children comes from the Stenwick home. On this occasion a dress and a coat and some meat and flour are in the auto for Mrs. Hendman and the children.

After a short but pleasant stay at Mrs. Hendman's, they ride to the home of an old couple that have lived together for sixty years. They are poor and depend largely on the charities of the people. This is one of Grace's regular visiting places. Some meat, flour and vegetables find their way into this home from the auto. The four have a pleasant little visit with this couple, leave a bright spot in their memory, and depart. After they are on their way, Grace said to Wilfred, "Those two people are a lovely old couple. I should like to grow old as lovely as Mrs. Stanford is. She is a very interesting character. Did you not think her mind was especially clear and her spirit happy for a lady eighty-two years old?"

"I was particularly impressed with her cheer and her apparently happy spirit."

"I wish you might become acquainted with her and Mr. Stanford too. They are both delightful."

"I may have opportunities to see them often in the future. I hope so, surely."

"By the way, Mr. Glenn, how did you enjoy my party last evening?"

"Why do you ask me, Miss Stenwick? You must know I enjoyed it, particularly the supper time. Any one must surely enjoy your society."

"Thank you. Are you fishing for me to return a compliment, Mr. Glenn?"

"By no means, indeed. I did not even think of such a thing."

"You *may* have the privilege of accepting a corresponding return compliment, if it is not displeasing to you."

"It assuredly is not displeasing to me, and I wish to express to you my thanks for the same. I hope to prove myself worthy on further acquaintance."

"Hello, Helen! What are you and George talking about so earnestly and quietly back there? I beg your pardon, Helen, I did not mean to pry into your private conversation."

"There is nothing private about it, Grace," replied Helen. "We are trying to plan what George is going to do. He says he is going to leave Merfield, and I cannot bear to have him go. What can I do to keep him, Grace?"

"I think it is too bad that he had to leave the mine. If I could have my way he should go back

again to the mine immediately. It may be that is not the proper thing for the daughter of the president of the mine company to say, but she says it just the same. We cannot tell yet how it will all end. Let us hope for the best. A beginning has been made, where the end will be no one probably knows. It is possible this beginning may end in your return to the mine, George. I think we all hope so. I do, at least."

"So do I," said Helen.

"And I," said Wilfred.

"And so does George Stockworth," said George.

Our company of four are now taking a spin around the public square and along some of the principal streets of the city, purely for pleasure. While they are enjoying their ride, let us look in on John Gledman.

John, according to his previous promise to himself, went after supper to call on Grace. On reaching the house he rang the doorbell. Mrs. Stenwick answered the signal, and in response to John's inquiry for Grace said that she had gone riding in the auto with Wilfred, George and Helen. Upon receiving this news, he turned at once to leave. Mrs. Stenwick said, "Will you not come in, John, and wait till Grace returns? She certainly will be back soon. She went on some of her errands and has been gone long enough to be back."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Stenwick. Tell Grace I called to see her and am sorry I could not have had a few moments with her."

John did not remain for he realized that it would

be a very inopportune time for him to be there on their return. He felt very much displeased that he should find Grace in the company of that Wilfred Glenn so much. Also he is being forced to the conclusion that Will Glenn's company is not repulsive to Grace. It seems ridiculous to him that she should choose for her associates such people as Will Glenn, Helen Hendman and George Stockworth. Something desperate must be done to get those two out of the way."

CHAPTER XX

JOE BROCK

Merfield, like many other small cities, was cursed with several saloons. One of the frequent visitors at one of these saloons was Joe Brock. He was a large, strong man with bull-like neck, protruding jaw and broad skull above and back of the ears. He was counted the bully of the town. If there was any fighting to be done, Joe was sure to be the leader on one side and his side usually won the fight. He had served two terms in the "pen," and had committed other crimes sufficient, according to the general belief, to cause him to serve twice as many terms more, if justice could have its way.

If there was any special meanness or crime on hand for Joe to commit, it was his custom to go to Jim Stuvel's saloon, load up with bad whiskey, seek some petty quarrel with some saloon crony just "to get stirred up" and then proceed to the main job to be done.

On one of these occasions he was, as usual, at Jim Stuvel's saloon getting ready for his crime. When he had become well filled with his special brand of whiskey for such times, he was sitting at the table playing a game of cards with Pete Crawford. The game became exciting, charge and counter charge of cheating were made, with the intent of course to get Joe aroused to a high pitch so he could go out and

meet the Presbyterian preacher on his way home from prayer-meeting, and give him a sound beating for his activity in the temperance work. Joe had a little more bad whiskey in him than he could handle at this time, or the whiskey was a little worse than usual. When the prearranged quarrel had reached the proper pitch, both sprang to their feet drew their revolvers and fired. Pete Crawford fell dead with a bullet through his head. It was the plan for each to fire blanks into air, but Joe was too much overcome with his bad whiskey. He drew the wrong revolver and fired at his head. Joe was arrested, tried for murder, but was acquitted on the ground that he killed Crawford accidentally, so his "pards" swore at the trial, for they were afraid to swear to the truth.

The preacher was spared his beating the night of the shooting, but preached Pete Crawford's funeral the following Thursday. Some time after Joe was released from jail, he carried out his previous intention of giving the preacher a thrashing "for attendin' to what's none of his business." For this act he spent four years in the "pen" and then was released to return to Merfield to continue his crimes.

CHAPTER XXI

THE PLOT FURTHER DEVELOPED

On John Gledman's way home from his attempted call on Grace, he had to pass Jim Stuvel's saloon, where, it will be remembered, Joe Brock was accustomed to loaf nearly every evening. As he was approaching the saloon, Joe was coming from the opposite direction to get his evening drinks and perhaps work up a fight or at least a quarrel, for these were his special delights. Joe was never happier, it would seem, than when he was pounding somebody or abusing some one in a quarrel.

When John and Joe meet nearly in front of the saloon, John says, "How are you this evening, Joe?"

"All O. K. John. Come in and have a drink with me, won't you?"

"No, not to-night, Joe. Are you in a hurry? I should like a little talk with you if you have the time."

"Yes, I always have time for John Gledman."

"Come back to the rear of the saloon, Joe, where we can be alone. I have something especially private to say to you."

They go back of the saloon and, under cover of an old shed they sit on an old box where they talk quietly and earnestly for about one-half hour—so quietly that any one would need to be very near to overhear what they said. They, how-

ever, had taken the precaution to assure themselves that no one was near to hear a single word of that conversation. It is very necessary for both Joe and John that their conversation be not heard. At the close of the half-hour's talk, and as John rises to leave, he puts his hand into his pocket, takes out something, and, putting it in Joe's hand, says, "I will leave it in your hands." John then continues his journey homeward.

After he is well away from Joe, he says to himself, "Well, that disposes of one-half of my trouble. Joe will take good care of George. And now what shall be done about Will? Yes, I think I can use Jake Strong. I am fearful that my information to the Company of his action in the Union will not have the desired effect with Mr. Stenwick. Will is popular with his men, and Boss Strong likes him too; but Strong knows he must do about as I want him to do. Jake must stir up some sort of a scrap with him, that I may have more of a charge against Will. Let me see, it's only 8 o'clock yet—not late. Jake will be at home and not yet in bed. I believe I will walk over and see him to-night. If I succeed with Jake this will turn out to be a more profitable night than as though I had spent the evening with Grace."

If Grace could have seen or read this last thought in John's mind, how would she have enjoyed it, think you?

"Let's see," continues John in mind, "Jake will expect me to give him some good reason, and to suggest some feasible plan that will surely win, because he is a man that desires to see his way pretty nearly

through a project before he begins it. Jake will know that it will be a difficult undertaking for two reasons: First, he and Will have always been great friends, and second, the men like Will. To overcome the first reason, I shall be compelled to appeal to him on personal grounds—his obligation to me for my service to him. He knows that his advancement to the position of pit boss was largely through me, and his continuance in it is largely in my hands through my father's influence in the board of directors. Again, I shall have to be frank with him that Will is interfering with me in regard to Grace Stenwick, and that I see no way to stop this interference only by dropping Will out of the mine. I think this will bring Jake around all right. To overcome the second difficulty, that he is so popular with his men that they will strike if he is discharged, something must be brought against him so serious that the men will see the justice of the discharge. But what shall be the "something" to use as a plan that will appeal to Jake as a probable success? I wonder if I can work through Grant Worthington? Grant works under Will and Will works under Jake. If I can get Jake on my side I shall have one on each side of him, for I already have Grant, I know. These two ought to develop a plan in the mine much easier than I can outside.

"Well, here I am at Jake's house." A rap at the door and Jake appears to answer the summons.

"Hello, John! What calls you out here at this late hour? Come in and show yourself a neighbor. Give an account of yourself."

that success will crown his efforts in the two cases. If John could only realize that it is better to be right in defeat than to be wrong in victory.

CHAPTER XXII

WILFRED GLENN IN THE BALANCE

According to his promise to Nathan Gledman Senator Stenwick, during the day, took occasion to investigate the report against Wilfred Glenn, that he is an agitator and consequently an unsafe man to be in the employ of the Company. He found to be practically true the statements of Mr. Gledman and John that he did make the motion in the Union and he did make a speech in its behalf; but he could not find their conclusion true that he is an agitator against the Company, except in cases where he believes the rights of the Company and those of the Union conflict, and the Company has taken action against those rights of the Union, as in the present case. Mr. Stenwick takes the position that in such cases, a free man ought to have the right of private judgment, so long as he does not encroach upon the unquestioned rights of the Company.

He reports to Mr. Gledman at the bank: "I cannot find anything against Mr. Glenn worthy of a discharge. Of course, he made the motion in the Union and spoke in behalf of his motion as John told you, but this he had a right to do as a member of the Union, this is but the privilege of a free man; and I think we have no right to interfere with this privilege."

"But see," says Mr. Gledman, "how much trouble this action may cost us."

"That is true, Nathan, it *may*, but it *has not* yet. Why borrow trouble? These miners are *men* and men with certain rights; they are *men* and men capable of thought. Why try to make them slaves with no rights? Why try to make them beasts without thought? So long as they think they will think thoughts different from ours, as your thoughts on this subject are different from mine. It ought not to be expected that all men will think alike. I think we would get along with our miners better if we should treat them like men, men that are our equals. You know there was a time not long ago when I thought somewhat as you do about these matters, but my daughter Grace, who I hope will be not far off a bond of lasting friendship between us, has taught her father a better way to deal with men and to think of men. Concede that these miners are men and, being men, have the right to think, and having the right to think, will differ in their thoughts from our thoughts; and you have gone a long way towards solving nearly all of the vexing problems that arise between Union and Company."

"That is very nice in theory, Senator, but it will not work in practice. These miners are men to be sure, but they are made in a different mold from that in which such men as you and I are molded. I will not admit for one moment that either I or my son John is made after the same pattern as George Stockworth or Wilfred Glenn. Their natural position is inferior, consequently they are not intended to think

and act independently as some others are. To illustrate, contrast your daughter Grace with your servant girl Helen. Is there not a difference?"

"I cannot see, Nathan, that there is any essential difference, except in the force of circumstances. I cannot see but Helen is naturally as good a thinker, as good morally, as good in every way except where money has its influence, equally as good as Grace. If this be true, there is nothing to Grace's credit which might not be attributed equally so to Helen's credit under the same circumstances. Pardon me, Nathan, for you know that I would not say anything purposely to offend you, for we have been friends too long to let a little matter of a difference of opinion make a difference of feeling between us; but to the point; you say you would not have your son compared with George Stockworth or Wilfred Glenn. And why not? Are they not both young men of honor? Have they not both of them succeeded so far in life, even though George has been discharged from our mine? As to that discharge, I fear we have made a mistake. If, then, they are men of honor and have made life a success so far, what reason is there why you should dislike to have your son compared with them, or why should he not associate with them?"

"I still believe, Senator, that 'blood will tell,' and that people born and bred in poverty have not that refinement and culture which those have that are born and raised in homes of wealth."

"If the poor do not have the refinement and culture of the rich, and yet in these days of public

schools they can have, they may have a mind and a soul possibly better; and, Nathan, they are what tell."

"But, Senator, we are off from the subject. The question is, whether Will Glenn with his agitating spirit is a proper person to be in the employ of this Company. You seem to think he is, while I think he is not. Are you willing, Senator, to call a meeting of the directors and leave it to their decision?"

"Certainly I should be willing, for their authority is above mine."

"When can you have a meeting?"

"Any time to suit you, Nathan."

"To-day is Wednesday. Can you call a meeting then for Friday at 2 o'clock p. m.?"

"Yes, Nathan, that will suit me all right. I am sorry we cannot see alike on this question. Perhaps we shall be able some day not far away.

"I must be going. I have been here too long already. Good-bye, Nathan. I shall see you Friday at the meeting, if not before."

"Good-bye, Senator."

CHAPTER XXIII

WILFRED GLENN ENSNARED

The next morning John was early at the mine to watch for Grant Worthington. It was necessary to have a little talk with him before the men went into the mine. Grant came only about five minutes before the whistle blew for descending. In this brief time John made known to Grant what he desired him to do and secured his consent. Grant rushed out just in time to step onto the cage with Will Glenn.

In a moment they are at the bottom. Will said to Grant, "Jake wants the dirt in No. 15 cleaned out this morning. I suppose we can do it, don't you?"

"I don't know, Will. It may be I'm wrong, but it seems to me that you or Jake's got it in for me and Clarence. It just seems to me that we get dirt, dirt, dirt, and nothing much but dirt. Men like to shovel a little coal onct in a while, and not dirt all the time."

"Why, Grant! What do you mean? You certainly cannot mean what you say. You surely cannot accuse me of having it in for you. I have tried to be fair with you and treat you equally well with the rest of the men."

"It certainly does not seem so to me," said Grant; "at least, you know that you and I have not bin gettin' along very well lately. We will wait till

Jake comes to see what he thinks about my cleanin' out that dirt. While we are waitin' for him I might as well tell you why I have lost confidence in you. You know, of course, that Jake lost his pocketbook out of his coat the other day."

"Yes," said Will, "but what of that?"

"There is a good deal of that. Clarence and I seen you take his coat that same morning and take it to another place out of our sight; after some time you returned the coat to its place. After it came out that Jake had lost his pocketbook, I was convinced in my own mind that you had took it out of his coat while you had it out of our sight. I have not said anything about it to any one. I have not talked even to Clarence about it; but I at onct began to look upon you as the guilty one."

"Why, Grant, do you think I would take Jake's pocketbook? Do you look upon me as a thief? Have you ever known me to do a dishonest act before? I do recollect I took his coat and laid it away out of the dirt that was getting on it from your blasts and shoveling, and when you were through with that work, I brought it back lest he should not be able to find it on his return."

"Of course, excuses can always be found if you want to find um, I s'pose. But it is still a fact that the pocketbook disappeared out of his coat and you took the coat away. I am convinced in my own mind that you took the pocketbook when you took the coat."

At this moment Jake came up, having overheard a part of the last statement.

"What is that you say about Will's taking a pocketbook and a coat?"

"I was simply sayin' as you came up that I believe Will took your pocketbook out of your coat last Saturday."

"Will Glenn take my pocketbook! You must be mistaken. What proof have you for such a statement, Grant? It will take strong proof to convince us that Will Glenn would do such an act. All of us have too high an estimate of his character to believe such a thing as that of him without we are obliged to believe it."

"I also had too high an estimate of him to bleve it and still would have if I had not seen what I did last Saturday morning. You can't always tell nowdays what a man is. You think he's somethin' and he's nothin' and sometimes worse."

"What wonderful sight did you see, Grant? Did you see Will reach his hand into my coat pocket and take out my pocketbook?"

"No, not just that; but I did see him, a short time after you laid your coat down on that pile of props Saturday morning, take it away and after sometime bring it back agin and put it where he got it. You recollect you came at noon, took up your coat and at onct missed your pocketbook."

"Is that so, Will? Did you take my coat away and then bring it back?" asked Jake.

"Yes, sir, I did. I took it to room 14 out of the dirt and dust of the blasting and shoveling here in 15. After they were through blasting and shoveling and before I went to 12 to look after work there, I

put your coat back where I found it, for fear you would come after it in my absence and could not find it."

Jake, anxious to get some excuse to carry out John's wish for him, seizes upon this as a pretext, although he sees there is no proof of Will's guilt. He says, "You see, do you not, that the circumstantial evidence is strong against you. Were it not for the fact that I have so much confidence in you I too should be inclined to believe you are the guilty one."

"I cannot see that the evidence is any stronger against me than it is against Grant and Clarence, for the coat was near them before I saw it and after I brought it back till you came after it. Whatever may be the seeming evidence, Jake, I know I am innocent as a babe of taking your pocketbook."

"That may be true, Will, and I believe you; yet I am compelled to report the case to the superintendent at once. You will go with me to the office. Grant, you may go along."

At the office, Jake made his statement to the superintendent: "1st, That he lost his pocketbook from his coat last Saturday. 2d, That suspicion rests on Will Glenn by the testimony of Grant Worthington.

After Jake was through with his statements, the superintendent asked Grant to relate what he saw. Grant related the circumstances in substance as told before, only emphasizing the suspicion in the case. Then the superintendent asked Will Glenn if he had any reply to make to the charge. Will made his statement the same as he made it to the pit boss.

After the superintendent had heard all of their statements, he said, "This does not seem to me to present a case sufficiently strong to discharge Mr. Glenn and turn him over to the civil authorities, but there may be guilt. Lest we should seem to take too light a view of crime, Mr. Glenn, you may cease your work in the mine till we have looked into the case. If you are found innocent of the charge, you will be restored to your former position fully exonerated, with pay in full from this morning; but if you are found guilty you will be discharged without hope of return. I am very sorry, Mr. Glenn, that even a suspicion rests on you, for heretofore your reputation has been above reproach. You are all excused for the present."

The superintendent directed the secretary to communicate the substance of the statements of the three persons—Jake Strong, Grant Worthington and Wilfred Glenn—to the president, Senator Stenwick, with the added suggestion of his own that it might be well to look after Grant Worthington as well.

CHAPTER XXIV

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT

At noon, John Gledman obtained from the secretary an idea of the stage of the proceedings. He saw that something had to be done at once, or the investigation might disclose the whole plot. So far as he could see it was as likely to find Grant or Clarence guilty of taking the pocketbook as it was to find Will Glenn guilty and perhaps more likely. "Suppose it should fall on Grant; that would throw sympathy on Will's side, and surely restore him to his position, then I would evidently be defeated. Furthermore, if Grant should get found out in a theft, there is no telling what he may reveal of my connection with this case and also with that of George Stockworth, just to get revenge on somebody for being found out himself. I may get deeply involved in both cases, if I am not careful, and George may be reinstated, in which case I would be defeated on all points and disgraced in the eyes of the public. I tell you something desperate must be done and that at once. I must not delay. Grant says that Clarence Lathrope was with him at the time. I wonder what I can do with him."

At that moment Grant came up, for it was nearly whistle time.

John said, "Grant, something has to be done and that quickly or you and Clarence are as likely to be

found guilty of taking that pocketbook as Will Glenn is. Clarence has not yet given any evidence, has he? Do you suppose we could induce him with a goodly gift to testify that he saw Will take the pocketbook from Jake's coat pocket?"

"I don't know, John. Clarence is different from me. He is a little careful what he does, but he is easily influenced."

"But, Grant, he is in it too. There he comes now, Let's call him."

When he came, John said, "Clarence, did you see Will Glenn last Saturday take Jake's coat away and bring it back again?"

" 'Deed I did."

"Do you know, Clarence, they are accusing Will of taking Jake's pocketbook out of his coat pocket that day while he had the coat away?"

"So I herd a few moments ago while I was walkin' in from home."

"What do you think about it? Do you think he is innocent or guilty?"

"I am sure I don't know. I never herd of his doin' anything of the kind before. I don't like to think he would do sich a thing, and yet sometimes people will do a great deal for money. They say that everybody has his price, and I am inclined to bleve it."

"You and Grant were left alone with the coat for some time, were you not, Clarence?"

"Yes, we were."

"You see then that suspicion could turn towards you and Grant as well as towards Will."

"That is possible, but I know I did not take it, and never seen his pocketbook."

"That may be true, Clarence, but, in such a case, you know your word would not be strong evidence. Will Glenn could make the same statement and your cases would be equal before a court, or nearly equal. You also may be charged with the theft. Clarence, you say that everybody has his price. It is quite important to me that this theft be fastened on Will Glenn. It is also important to you and Grant that it be fastened on somebody to free you two from suspicion. How much is your price or how much will you take to appear before an investigating committee and testify that you saw Will Glenn, when he thought he was out of sight, feel in the pockets of Jake's coat, take out the pocketbook and put it in his own pocket?"

"I do not like to do a thing of that kind. Let Grant do it. He is more used to doing such things than I am. He could do it better than I could."

"But Grant has given his testimony and did not say that he saw him take the pocketbook; so he could not very easily add that now. You have not given any evidence in the case and could easily add that when you saw him take the coat, you suspicioned something, followed him secretly and saw him take the pocketbook. I'll give you fifty dollars, Clarence, if you'll do that and promise, upon your honor, never to give me away."

"I'll do it, John; but I want the fifty dollars beforehand, or she's no go."

"I'll put the money in Grant's hands to be paid to

you provided you give the evidence before the committee that you saw Will take the pocketbook."

"It's a bargain, John. It's a sure go on my part."

"All right, Clarence. I shall depend on you, sure."

Clarence Lathrope was a man of a not very strong character. He was too much inclined to be of the color of conditions around him at any special time. If he were in a saloon he could be persuaded to take a social drink with his companions; if he were in a revival meeting, he could be persuaded to go up to the altar and profess conversion. He was almost sure to act in accord with his associates at the time being. This accounts for the ease with which John Gledman induced him at this time to promise to testify falsely against Wilfred Glenn. Again, that fifty dollars looked big in his eyes.

All that afternoon he was planning what he would do and what he could do with that fifty dollars. He would buy his wife a new dress, himself a new suit of clothes, the children some clothes; he would settle his grocery bills and save some for Christmas presents. These are about the things he would do under home influences, but let him get in a saloon with the money, and there would not be much left for wife and children.

Once more John is at ease, for he thinks he has Will Glenn fastened sure, if Clarence will stand by his promise; but if Clarence should fail at the last what would become of him? His only way is to keep Clarence carefully under his influence and wait pa-

tiently till to-morrow when the investigation will take place at the directors' meeting.

After supper, John goes over to Senator Stenwick's to try once more to call on Grace. At the door of her home he is met by Grace with her sweetest face and brightest smile, for she does not know what has happened to Wilfred nor what, nor whose is the propelling spirit of all that is being done. It is not in her mind at the present what part he himself had told her he had in George's downfall. There was only her sweet, loving spirit in its full exercise for everybody, shining forth from every part of her countenance.

When they are seated in the parlor, he says, "I was over to see you last evening, but I did not find you."

"No, I went out in the evening to make two or three of my customary calls."

"Did you have a pleasant time on your trip?"

"Oh, yes, we had a lovely time. There were Helen and George, and Wilfred and I. We went to Mrs. Hendman's, then to that lovely old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Stanford's. I wish you could see them in their home. They have grown old into two spirits so lovely. They are over eighty years old, and seem wonderfully hearty and strong for people so old. Mamma told me you had been here, and I was sorry I did not see you. Why didn't you wait till we came back? We came home only a few minutes after you left, so mamma said."

"You see, I did not know but you would be gone till late, and then I thought it might not be conven-

ient to have me here when you came, so I left. Why didn't you ask me to go riding with you?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just didn't think of it when I saw you. In fact, I arranged for the drive with the other three at my party while Wilfred and I were at supper."

"I noticed you seemed to have a good time with that Will Glenn at the party, and I have observed the same thing on various other occasions of late."

"John, why do you say that Will Glenn and say it so sneeringly? You are not jealous of him, are you? I go around with him just as I do with George and Helen or as I would with a brother, if I had one, and think no more about it. We are all simply good friends, that is all."

"But *I* desire to be careful about *my* associates and I think *you* ought to be also."

"What do you mean, John? Am I not careful about my company?"

"You know, Grace, that George Stockworth has been discharged by the Company, and ——

"Hold on, John. I wouldn't say anything about that. You forget what you told me that you did to secure his discharge. Can I look down on him as beneath me when I know what I do?"

"Well, we'll let George's case drop. I suppose you have heard what has happened to your Will Glenn."

"John, he is not *my* Will Glenn. No, I have not heard anything about him. What has happened? Tell me."

And Grace betrayed in her question, in her tone and in her face, more anxiety than is usual for one

only casually interested. There was, unknown to Grace, a deeper feeling in her heart for Wilfred Glenn than she would have been willing to acknowledge to herself, or to anyone else, if she had known that it was there.

"Didn't you know, Grace, that he had been suspended from his job in the mine, for being accused of theft? He is accused of stealing Jake Strong's pocketbook from his coat pocket. He is said to have taken the coat from where Jake put it and after a time brought it back. It was after this that the pocketbook was missed. He has been reported to your father as president of the Company, and it is expected there will be an investigation to-morrow at the directors' meeting."

"Wilfred Glenn a thief! That is simply preposterous. It is actually impossible. I don't believe it. Have you been laying a plot against him as you did against George? Tell me, John," and she looked him squarely in the face.

This question slipped from her lips before she was aware, and really expressed her inmost sentiment concerning the two young men.

John, to a certain extent, realized the force of this question, colored a little under the sharp look of her keen eye, but for policy's sake put down his rising anger and simply said, "Why, Grace, you do not think I plot the downfall of everybody that goes wrong in Merfield, do you? We are all surprised about Will Glenn; nobody, perhaps, more than I; but the evidence seems conclusive, if I have the right of the story." He then related to her the facts as

we have them already, only omitting the testimony to be given by Clarence Lathrope before the committee on the morrow. He was careful to lay great stress on that part of the story which told of Wilfred taking the coat away and returning it again but laid no stress whatever on the point that the coat was twice with Grant and Clarence.

After he had finished, Grace said, "And still I cannot and shall not believe him guilty of theft till stronger evidence is produced than you have given; for I do not believe I have been so mistaken in reading his character. He is certainly a young man of worth and I must insist on so regarding him till he is proved otherwise."

"You seem to be very persistent in defending people that are under charges. Do you defend me so persistently in my absence?"

"I have had no occasion to defend you, John, for no one has accused you of anything in my presence. I should defend you or anyone else as persistently if accused of what I honestly believed you were innocent, as I do Wilfred Glenn or George Stockworth. I believe they are both innocent of the charges brought against them; and I hope the time will soon come when they will be proved innocent and the guilty ones will be punished."

This last remark of Graee hit John hard and made him turn red in the face, but turning his face to one side so that Grace would not be so likely to see his guilt, and bracing himself against the thrust, he said to her, "Well, to-morrow's meeting will tell the story, I suppose."

"I do not know about that. The other meeting didn't seem to tell the story in the case of George. So much extra evidence seems to be produced from some unknown sources, that you do not know what is coming."

Nearly the whole evening was spent in conversation on some phase of this subject.

Finally John said, "It is nine o'clock and I must go home. Good-night, Grace, and happy dreams to you."

"Good-night, John."

It was necessary for John to leave promptly at 9 o'clock, for he was to be at Stanford Pike Crossing at 9:15 or 9:20 to meet Joe Brock.

CHAPTER XXV

THE PREMONITION

While John Gledman is spending the evening with Grace Stenwick at her home, George is at Mrs. Hendman's visiting with Helen.

The report of the charge against Will Glenn has come to George and he tells it to Helen as he understands it. They both express themselves that they believe he is innocent, and yet they are painfully conscious that the innocent sometimes are unable to maintain their innocency and seem to be proved guilty. They fear, of course, that the same bad influence may be at work against Will that was against him in his discharge.

George said, "I do not believe the Union will stand for it if the Company convicts him. He is too popular with the members. We have our meeting Saturday night, and the directors' meeting is to-morrow. If they declare Will guilty to-morrow and discharge him, there will be a warm time in the meeting Saturday night. I feel almost sure he will be pronounced guilty, because there is evidently a plot being carried out. How far that plot will reach I do not know. But when they strike Will Glenn they might as well strike the whole Union."

"It is not for me to know, George, what you think will be done by the Union if Wilfred is pronounced guilty, but I hope something will be done to prove

you, my own George, to be what I know you to be, a true, honest soul, incapable of doing that with which you have been charged and for which you were discharged. I would be willing to suffer much if this could be proved to the world."

"Don't worry about me, Helen. I shall come out all right. There is one thing, however, I think we ought to talk over to-night and that is our wedding day. You know we had set the day for two weeks from next Sunday, but I am out of a job now, and you are not willing for me to go away and hunt one, hence it seems to me there is no other way but for us to postpone our wedding till some later time."

"Oh, George! I can't think of postponing our wedding. It does not seem right. Let's not talk of postponing it, for I am 'blue' to-night for some cause. Let's talk as though you are going to get a job and we are going to get married on the appointed time. How happy we shall be when we get in our own home. It seems to me that I can live on almost anything and get along almost any way, if only I can be with you. You have come to be so great a part of my life that I cannot live without you."

"You do not know how much good those words of confidence of yours do me. Be assured that I appreciate them and shall always try to make myself worthy of them. I shall be happy to have by my side all through my life so noble a helper. I am also pleased that you object to deferring our wedding day, for I could not think of it myself only as a case of necessity. But your faith is so strong that the necessity seems to disappear."

"I must go home now, Helen, for it is getting late and you must be at your work early in the morning. I must not keep you up late."

"Oh, George! don't go. Something tells me all is not right. I fear something will happen to you."

"My dear Helen, you are wrought up over the postponement of our wedding day. We are not going to postpone it. Nothing will happen to me. It is a dark night to be sure, but then what could happen to me?"

"I don't know, George, but I see danger ahead of you. Stay here all night and go home by daylight. I can find a place for you to sleep with our George."

"No, Helen, I must go. Calm yourself and be assured it will be all right with me. Good-night, Helen."

"Good-night, my own George."

And George went out into the darkness to—he knew not what.

George and Helen parted—George, confident, makes his way towards home, while Helen, fearful, goes to her room to spend her night in fearful forebodings and tears over something, she knew not what.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE MEETING

Joe Brock had kept a detective eye on George Stockworth throughout the afternoon and evening of Thursday. When he saw him start towards the Widow Hendman's he sent a communication to John to meet him at the Stanford Pike Crossing at about 9 o'clock, for he felt sure that George would pass that way on his return home, but not before 9 o'clock; but lest he should go home earlier he determined to be there by 8 o'clock.

Stanford Pike Crossing is where Stanford Pike crosses Virginia street near the outer edge of one extension of the town. Stanford Pike extends from the city of Stanford, ten miles distant, across Virginia Street, across an open space and into another part of Merfield. This open space was without street lights and unprotected. The two men met at the Crossing and then proceeded to the darkest part of the Pike and the most unprotected place between the Crossing and that part of Merfield through which the Pike passes. Near the Crossing and before they passed on to the darkest spot, they stopped and held a conversation. It was dark but ears are not hindered because of a lack of light. Footsteps are heard of some one coming. Then, under cover of the darkness and of some bushes, all is still—so still and intent upon the coming steps that the hurried, receding steps are not heard.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE CRIME

The sun rose on Merfield Friday morning as bright and clear as though peace and love and good will to men reigned over all the earth.

All Merfield is astir: some are going to their work; some are going to their places of business; some are going on errands of good or evil; and some are going —they scarcely know whither; but whether to work, to business, or whithersoever any one may be going, there is but one subject for conversation and that is the great crime on Stanford Pike last night.

The Morning Times comes out in flaming headlines:

A GREAT CRIME
GEORGE STOCKWORTH
MURDERED

These headlines were followed by a detailed account of the crime as far as could be learned at the time of the writing of the article. The first report was that he was killed.

During the morning various reports are circulated through the town—some have it that he is dead, some that he is just alive. Some say he was murdered and robbed; some that he was assassinated from spite. Some say Joe Brock murdered him, some

say it was done by some stranger. But surely the victim is George Stockworth.

The news is brought to Senator Stenwick's just before daybreak, while they are eating an early breakfast. The bearer of the news is Wilfred Glenn, especially for Helen's sake, taking the word to her as soon as he could leave George's bedside.

Poor Helen, heartbroken, rushes to Grace, who clasps her in her arms, while they both weep:—one for her heart is well-nigh bursting asunder, the other for sorrow and for sympathy with her friend. Helen cannot stand it not to be with George at such a time. She hastens, accompanied by Grace and Wilfred, over to Mrs. Stockworth's that she may see and know for herself the exact conditions.

George Stockworth's home was with his widowed mother and her three other children. They lived in that portion of Merfield known as Glendale near the mining settlement. Their home was a common one —that of the ordinary person of slender means.

When Helen, with Grace and Wilfred, reached this home they found a large crowd of miners and other friends gathered around the house to express their sympathy. Only a few were allowed to be in the house on account of the doctor's orders. Helen at once asked of the first one she met: "Is he yet alive?" "Yes," was the reply, "but just alive."

Wilfred, knowing the condition inside, worked his way through the crowd and was followed by Helen and Grace into the house. Helen hastened to the bedside of her lover, but he paid no heed to her, for he did not know. He lay in complete unconscious-

ness with his head bandaged to protect the almost fatal wound. She turned deathly pale at the sight and fell unconscious into the arms of Grace, who, with the aid of Wilfred, soon restored her to consciousness. After having fully recovered, she noticed Mrs. Stockworth, heart-broken, but trying to bear up bravely. Helen went to her and threw her arms around her neck. Each with face buried on the shoulder of the other gave her broken heart relief in a flood of sorrowing tears. The others in the room stood with bowed heads and flowing tears in sympathy with these, the mother and promised bride of the wounded and unconscious man. Even Dr. Guthrie, accustomed to scenes of sorrow, brushed a tear aside as he used the restoratives and bathed the wounded head. But the one for whom all this sorrow and effort are lies mute and unmoved and because of this the sorrow is the deeper and the effort the greater. Dr. Guthrie is sparing no effort and doing his best to bring to life him who is almost as one dead.

Mrs. Stockworth and Helen, realizing that there is need of work as well as tears, summoned their strength of womanhood, stopped their tears, and set themselves to the rescüe of son and lover under the direction of Dr. Guthrie. The doctor and his helpers have been at work since about two o'clock dressing his wounds and trying to restore him to consciousness, but as yet at six o'clock he has not shown any evidences of recognition.

After all has been done that seems needful to be done at the present, Helen goes to Wilfred and asks,

"How did it all happen? Wilfred, tell me. Oh! I was so fearful last night when he left me. I felt almost sure something was going to happen. I tried to get him not to go home till daylight, but to stay at our house, but he would not. Tell me, Wilfred, how it happened."

"Last night, after he left you he came to our house and we talked over how he had been treated and how I was being treated, till about ten o'clock, I think, when he left for his home. It appears that he was coming along Stanford Pike till he reached that dark, lonesome place where there are no houses near but bushes on both sides of the street, when evidently some one sprang out behind him and struck him on the head with a sand bag, intending to crush his skull and kill him instantly. Evidently the first blow did not do the full work that was intended, so the assassin struck him on the head twice with a club, breaking his skull and killing him as they supposed. The sand bag and the club were found not far away from him."

"Does the doctor think he can get well?"

Helen had asked this same question several times before. Perhaps the reader has been in that condition of intense anxiety and mental worry when some dear friend's life was hanging on the verge of death, when the asking of a question once did not satisfy; so let sympathy fall on Helen.

With this thought in Wilfred's mind he answers Helen's question: "He does not yet know. We certainly hope he can and will get well."

"Oh! Wilfred, what shall I do?" And again she,

covering her face in her hands, let go a flood of pent-up tears.

"Calm yourself, Helen, and I will tell you the rest. About eleven o'clock some one notified the sheriff that there was about to be a murder out on the Stanford Pike. He, with his deputy and others, hastened out there, but, at first, could not find anything. Finally, after about one-half hour's search, they found the sand bag and after a further search they found his body covered with bushes and leaves. Supposing him to be dead they sent for the coroner. Upon his arrival, investigation showed that he was not dead, but might be saved by quick action. He was brought home. Dr. Guthrie was summoned and has been working over him since. That was about 2 o'clock. I got the word and was here about 4 o'clock or a little after. At 5 o'clock I was at Senator Stenwick's to let you know. Be as cheerful and hopeful as you can and help to comfort poor Mrs. Stockworth."

Nine o'clock comes but the doctor, aided by all that can help, has not brought George to himself. Mrs. Stockworth, Helen and Grace remain at the doctor's elbow to be of whatever assistance they can be. At this hour Joe Brock calls at the house to enquire after the condition of George. Noon comes and still no relief. Two o'clock, and the battle for life continues with hope and fear equally in the balance.

Up to this time no arrests have been made, but the authorities are on the alert. It is rumored that certain suspicions are rife and that more is known than the authorities are willing to make public. The talk

begins to center on one man, but why? The people cannot understand. In the morning at nine o'clock Joe Brock was one of the callers at the Stockworth home, anxiously inquiring after George's condition, at noon he came again, and now at two o'clock he cannot be found in the town.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS

It is two o'clock and this is the hour set for the meeting of the Board of Directors to consider the fitness or unfitness of Wilfred Glenn to be a worker in the Merfield Coal Company's mine.

Promptly at two o'clock the five directors are present in the president's office. The president, Senator Stenwick, takes the chair. After the usual preliminary opening the Chair calls upon Mr. Gledman to state the object of the meeting.

Mr. Gledman arose and said: "This meeting is called by our president to consider certain charges against the reputation of one of our workmen, Wilfred Glenn. These charges are serious and should be carefully considered.

"It appears that on last Saturday our pit boss, Jake Strong, lost his pocketbook from his coat pocket. It now develops that he laid his coat down on a pile of props in No. 15 of the mine and went away about his duties. Shortly afterwards, as we can bring witnesses to prove, the accused, Wilfred Glenn, came along and picked up the coat, taking it away out of sight and bringing it back again after some time. This was in the forenoon. At noon Strong came after his coat, and at once discovered that his pocketbook was gone. The charge is made against Mr. Glenn that he took the pocketbook while he had the coat away."

The Chair—"Has any one any question to ask Mr. Gledman?"

Mr. Tomas—"Did any one see Mr. Glenn take the pocketbook?"

Mr. Gledman—"There is such a witness, we think."

Mr. Jackson—"Was there any one working in No. 15 at the time?"

Mr. Gledman—"Yes, Clarence Lathrope and Grant Worthington."

The Chair—"What has been the reputation of Mr. Glenn in the mine and how does he stand among the miners?"

Mr. Gledman—"Very good, I think, but I believe he has had a little trouble with Grant Worthington in some mine matters."

The Chair—"You say he has had some trouble with Grant Worthington. Worthington and Lathrope work together, I believe, and these two are the witnesses against Mr. Glenn."

Mr. Gledman—"Yes, sir."

The Chair—"I hope all the directors see the point." It looks to me like a contrived plan to do Mr. Glenn harm to work out some personal motive."

Mr. Tomas, receiving the wink from Mr. Gledman, arose and said, "I move you, Mr. Chairman, that an investigating committee of three, consisting of the Chairman, Mr. Gledman and Mr. Jameson, be appointed to look into these charges against Wilfred Glenn, and, if they find them correct, to discharge him from the Company's service, but if found false,

to exonerate him from all charges and restore him to his former position with full pay from date of leaving the mine." The motion was seconded and carried unanimously.

The directors then adjourned.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

Immediately at the adjournment of the directors' meeting, Senator Stenwick called the investigating committee to order.

The Chair—"The investigating committee is in order and ready for business. Mr. Gledman will you summon any witness or witnesses that you may have at hand and any other who can give us some light on the subject under consideration.

"Will you also bring in Mr. Glenn, for he is entitled to know what is being said and done concerning himself."

Mr. Gledman retired and soon returned with Wilfred Glenn, Clarence Lathrope and Grant Worthington.

The Chair—"You will be seated, gentlemen. Mr. Glenn, you know that you are accused of taking a pocketbook from the coat of Jake Strong. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Wilfred Glenn—"I am not guilty."

The Chair—"Grant Worthington, will you kindly step forward? Has any one a question to ask this gentleman?"

Nathan Gledman—"What do you know about this charge that is made against Wilfred Glenn?"

Grant Worthington—"I seen him take the coat away from No. 15 and return it after some time."

Nathan Gledman—"About how long was he gone with it?"

Grant Worthington—"About one hour."

The Chair—"Did Mr. Glenn leave No. 15 after he brought the coat back?"

Grant Worthington—"He did."

The Chair—"Were there any persons in No. 15 before Mr. Glenn took the coat out and after he brought it back, but before Mr. Strong came after it?"

Grant Worthington—"Yes, sir. Clarence Lathrope and me worked in that room all the forenoon."

The Chair—"Are there any other questions to ask Mr. Worthington?" . . . . .

"You may be seated."

"Mr. Glenn," said the chairman, "have you any reply to make to the testimony of Grant Worthington?"

"I have simply to say, Mr. Chairman, I admit all that he says; that I did take the coat of pit boss Strong away from No. 15 where Worthington and Lathrope were blasting and shoveling, and put it in No. 14 away from the dirt and dust. I was gone from No. 15 about one hour to Nos. 8 and 9. When I returned I brought the coat back with me, because I thought they would be through with their dirtiest work and I was afraid Jake would come after it while I was away and could not find it. This is my reason for taking the coat away and returning it again as I did. As to the pocketbook, I do not know anything about it."

The Chair—"Mr. Lathrope, will you arise?"

"Has any one a question to ask Mr. Lathrope?"

Mr. Jameson—"What do you know about this case?"

Clarence Lathrope—"I seen Mr. Glenn take Mr. Strong's coat away, and, being spicious of the act, I followed him secretly to No. 14. I seen him feel in the pockets of the coat, take out a pocketbook and put it in his own pocket. Then he put the coat down and went away. I returned to No. 15 and seen him bring the coat back"

The Chair—"Are there any other questions to ask Mr. Lathrope?" . . . . .

"You may be seated."

"Mr. Glenn, have you anything to say concerning the testimony of Mr. Lathrope?"

Mr. Glenn—"I do not think it is necessary for me to say anything more than to call your attention to the fact that he, one person, says that he saw me take the pocketbook from the coat, while I, one person, say that he did not see me do it, for I did not do it. It, therefore, resolves itself into this point, whose testimony is the better. Perhaps you can satisfy yourselves on that point by consulting the miners. The fact that I took the coat is no evidence that I took the pocketbook; for I was alone with the coat only a few moments according to Mr. Lathrope's testimony while these two that witness against me were with it alone at two different times for more than an hour each time. Is it not possible that I am innocent but am being used to cover up the guilt of another? Again, the coat was by itself for one hour.

Might not some one from another room have come there secretly, have felt in the pockets of the coat, taken out the pocketbook and put it in his own pocket? Perhaps there is a mistake in the person. I have no more to say, only I am innocent of the crime."

The Chair—"You three may be excused, unless some member of the committee has some question to ask. . . . . You are excused."

The Chair—"Members of the committee, you have heard the testimony of the witnesses and the statements of the accused. What have you to say?"

Mr. Gledman—"It is evident to my mind that Glenn is guilty of the crime. Mr. Lathrope's testimony settles that point to my satisfaction, for he testifies that he saw him take it."

Mr. Jameson—"What object could Glenn have had for taking the coat away? The excuse he gives, to keep it out of the dirt and dust while the two men were blasting and shoveling, is too weak; just as if Mr. Strong wore his Sunday clothes down in the mine. I think he is guilty."

It is very evident to Mr. Stenwick that the two other members of the committee have formed a combine to pronounce Mr. Glenn guilty. What their object is he does not know. He realizes that it will be useless, so far as the vote is concerned, for him to say anything, but he will place himself on record at least. So he says, "Don't you see, gentlemen, that these two witnesses have not proved anything against the accused? They both saw him take the coat away and bring it back again. He admits the

same. There is no crime in that. One says he saw him take the pocketbook from the coat. He says he did not take it. One's testimony offsets the other. That point then is not proved. Then there is nothing proved.

"The fact that he took the coat looks suspicious. That may be true, but an equal suspicion might rest on the two that were left alone with the coat at two different times, and especially on one of them who testifies that he crept secretly to No. 14 when the coat was carried there. The fact that the two have combined in their testimony against the one is to my mind exceedingly suspicious. To me their evidence is as strong against themselves as it is against him. I think Mr. Glenn has not sinned but is being grievously sinned against. My opinion is we shall do this young man a great wrong to pronounce him guilty on such evidence as has been produced."

Mr. Gledman—"I move that Wilfred Glenn be declared guilty of the charge of taking a pocketbook from the coat pocket of Jake Strong and that he be discharged from the employ of the Company."

Mr. Jameson—"I second the motion."

The Chair—"You have heard the motion. Is there any discussion?"

Of course, Mr. Stenwick as chairman, is compelled to put the motion. He cannot understand why his influence seems to be so weak on this occasion. Usually his opinions prevail, but on this question his words seem to fall without effect. There must be some current which he does not know at work against Wilfred Glenn. He makes another protest

against the wrong to the young man, and says, "If you adopt this resolution I wish to give you fair warning this will not be the last of it. The question will come again in a way which we may not like." He then puts the question. Two voted for the motion. He requested Mr. Jameson, who was acting as secretary for the committee to record his vote against the motion. He instructed the secretary to inform Mr. Glenn of the action of the committee and to prepare the minutes of the committee together with a synopsis of the evidence presented and the statements of Wilfred Glenn to present to the Board of Directors and to the meeting of stockholders, such minutes to be handed to him within twenty-four hours.

Wilfred Glenn was not surprised to receive this notice, for he could not help observing the spirit manifest by two members of the committee while he was in the meeting.

He was fully aware that whatever Mr. Stenwick thought or did two could outvote one every time. Nor was Will Glenn crushed by this news, but he made up his mind that the truth should come to light regarding him and George Stockworth; for the conviction is fastening itself upon him that they are both being made victims of the same hostile force. His object shall be to trace this force to its fountain head.

CHAPTER XXX

THE PROBLEM

As soon as Wilfred receives the report of the committee, he hastens over to the Stockworth home to learn of George's condition and to be of help if any help should be needed.

On his arrival, about four o'clock, he learns that the doctor has succeeded in securing a slight consciousness, but his breathing is yet very weak and his times of consciousness are only momentary. He seems to be wavering close on the verge between life and death. A very little impulse one way or the other would decide his case. The doctor says, "Now is a very critical time. Everything must be kept quiet, very quiet, till consciousness returns. Any little excitement now might prove fatal." Then the doctor gives instructions for bathing his head, for gently rubbing his arms and the palms of his hands and for giving medicine at the moments of returning consciousness, and takes his departure for a little rest till morning. He has been in constant attendance on George for about fourteen hours, and of course is very weary and must have some rest. But he says, "If anything unfavorable happens between now and morning don't be afraid to let me know and I will come at once."

Wilfred had been so absorbed in the condition of George since his return and so had the young women,

that he had not thought to speak of the action of the committee nor had any one asked him about it. After the physician had gone, Grace said, "What did the committee do, Wilfred?" not thinking there could be any serious result.

"You have a thief in your midst, friends, so the committee has decided."

"You don't mean it, do you?" said Grace. "You are joking us."

"Yes, I do mean it. I am telling you the facts in the case. Clarence Lathrope testified that he saw me take the pocketbook. There were three on the committee, and two of them were evidently determined to convict me."

"Who were the committee?" asked Grace.

"Your father, Nathan Gledman and James Jameson. Do you think, Grace, you can tell who the two were?"

"I see," said Grace. "My father was not one of the two, for I know where he stands, hence it would not be very difficult for me to tell who the two were. But I am and am not surprised at Mr. Gledman. If my suspicions are true, I am not surprised; if they are not true, I am surprised. I think, Wilfred, there is food for your thought in this decision.

"No, Grace, your father was not one of the two."

"Well, *we* do not believe it, do we Grace?" said Helen.

"Indeed we do not."

It was arranged that Helen and Wilfred should remain through the night with Mrs. Stockworth, but that Grace should go home and rest during the night

that she might come back in the morning refreshed to relieve the others. Wilfred offered to attend Grace home if agreeable to her wishes. His services were accepted.

On their way home their conversation drifted from George's condition to the question, "Who is the assassin? Grace says she fears that the one who did the deed is not the real criminal. The public eye seems to be turned towards Joe Brock; but what motive could he have for killing George Stockworth? They have never had any trouble so far as any one knows. Joe Brock may have done the deed, she does not know, but she believes the real criminal is back of Joe Brock.

"What do you mean, Grace, by saying that the real criminal is back of Joe Brock?"

"I cannot explain further now. Sometime I may be able. You, an innocent man, as I believe, have been charged with theft, have been convicted by a 'packed' jury and discharged, just as George was charged with disobedience and discharged. The discharge in his case did not seem to produce the desired effect, so he was dealt the deadly blows last night to insure the desired effect. So far as the discharges are concerned, your two cases seem to run parallel. Who knows, Wilfred, what will happen to you if your discharge does not work out the desired result?"

"Why, Grace, what do you mean? What are you aiming at?"

"The same hand is, I believe, back of both cases. I did not mean to say so much, but when life seems

to be at stake, I cannot keep still. If it comes to the test, Wilfred, I am willing to say more. Do you understand?"

"No, Grace, I do not. You are talking in mysteries to me."

"I cannot be plainer to-night, but watch. Be careful how you expose yourself to danger."

They have now arrived at the Stenwick home. Wilfred bids Grace "good-night" and starts on his return to Mrs. Stockworth's. As he passes through the business portion of the town he learns that the sheriff and a posse of men are out scouring the country for Joe Brock to arrest him for the attempted murder of George Stockworth. The sheriff has telephoned and telegraphed in every direction, and has men stationed at intervals for miles around. It is thought Joe cannot escape. John Gledman is one of the most active men in the search, calling the sheriff's attention now to this evidence of this direction in which he must have gone and now to that evidence of an opposite direction in which he must have gone.

Wilfred does not delay for further information, but hastens back to Mrs. Stockworth's for fear he may be needed in the care of George.

On his arrival he finds that George has been resting well and has had two short returns of consciousness while he has been gone. It would seem that the returns are becoming more frequent. This gives the watchers hope and courage. Some one is at his bedside every moment; and every move, however slight, every indication, however small, is noted by the watchers at his bedside.

At the first opportunity, Wilfred tells Mrs. Stockworth and Helen that the sheriff and a band of men are out on a search for Joe Brock for the attempt to murder George.

Mrs. Stockworth and Helen both exclaim, "Joe Brock!" and then Mrs. Stockworth continues, "What reason could Joe Brock have for killing my boy? He has never done Joe Brock any harm. Joe is a bad man, I know, but why should he try to kill George? First, George is discharged and then they try to kill him; now you are discharged, will they try to kill you too, Wilfred? I do believe some one is trying to get rid of you and George."

Then Helen said, "I, too, am impressed that some evil hand is working the destruction of George and Wilfred. I cannot get this feeling out of my mind —a feeling of danger near at hand. When George left me last night at our home, oh, how I did feel to have him go out into the darkness alone! It seemed to me that there was some terrible danger just before him. I tried to get him to remain till morning, but he said he could not. How I do wish he had stayed!"

These words of the two women, combined with what Grace had said along nearly the same line, set Wilfred thinking. As soon as he could be spared from George's bedside for a few moments he excused himself for a short time, saying that he wanted a little fresh air, and telling them to call him if they needed any help for he would be near.

He went a short distance from the house and sat down on a rock. He began thinking and then say-

ing to himself, "What does all this mean? *Is* there any connection between my discharge and that of George? Why should Mr. Gledman be so active in both cases? Is John Gledman involved in any way? I certainly never did him any harm, and I don't believe George ever did. And then Grace seems to know something too. She connects even the discharge of George with his attempted murder, and then hints at the same fate for me, perhaps, telling me to watch. What can it all mean? Grace says, 'If it comes to the test, I will say more.' I wish she would tell me all. But the problem is before me for solution. If these women are right,—and they have an intuitive insight that often outsees the reason of man,—if these women are right, I may meet the same fate as George or a worse one. Something must be done. To-morrow night is our Union meeting. I am resolved to present the case to the meeting. Two of its members have been unjustly discharged, one of them in addition to his discharge has been accused of theft and by a biased committee has been convicted; the other has been nearly killed by an assassin. The Union has also petitioned to have one reinstated, if found innocent upon investigation, but the petition has been refused. It seems to me that these are sufficient reasons for the Union to take immediate action. Now that my mind has begun to act, I think I see through the whole matter. It seems so strange to me now that I could not have seen it before. We shall see what the outcome will be, but there *must* be a thorough investigation of this whole case from top to bottom."

Having settled these points in his own mind he returns to George's bedside and relieves the two women from direct watching the rest of the night.

CHAPTER XXXI

AN EVIL INFLUENCE

In the morning the doctor comes and finds his patient somewhat better, but still in a very critical condition. He thinks that if no complications arise, the patient will by night open his eyes and begin to notice things. He remains with George one hour to observe indications and then leaves after giving instructions for his care.

Wilfred goes to his home for a little rest, and a little later Grace comes. Others of the neighbors come in so there is no lack for help.

About noon John Gledman drops in very anxious for George's welfare. Grace pays but little attention to him, although he makes several attempts to be gracious to her. He brings them the word that the sheriff and his men are still hunting for Joe Brock, but have not yet found him. He says, "I too was out a large part of the night helping to run him down. I fear he has the start of the sheriff and will not be caught. What possible motive could he have had for killing George? But then he is a bad man and there is no telling what he might do."

Just as there is an instinctive repulsion of Right from Wrong, so these women, Grace, Helen and Mrs. Stockworth, are repelled from John and they cannot tell exactly why, but they are repelled. Because of

this feeling he does the most of the talking, consequently his stay is short.

In the evening when the doctor comes, as soon as he puts his eyes on George, a serious look comes over his face. He sits down by his patient, examines his pulse, takes his temperature, and frowns again. "Mrs. Stockworth, what has happened here today?" asked the doctor.

"I do not know. Everything has been quiet since you were here this morning."

"Something has been going wrong with George. Something has been disturbing him, I know from his condition."

"We have not let many people in to see him, doctor, and everything has been quiet. We have tried to keep everything so he would not be disturbed. I thought that when John Gledman was in to see him that he seemed somewhat restless, and seemed to be muttering something in an undertone, but of course we could not understand anything he said. He also kept twitching his eyelids. He seemed so disturbed that I thought he was tired and that too many had been in to see him so I asked Mr. Gledman to go out into the other room. He has kept up the muttering nearly all the afternoon."

"Did he seem disturbed when any one else was in the room?"

"No, I did not notice any disturbed condition till John came in, and we have not let any one in to see him since John left."

"That is what is the trouble. There is something wrong between him and John, and it affects him

even in his unconsciousness. It has started a fever in his system and the fever affects his brain. I will leave him some fever tablets. I hope they will keep the fever down and he will be better by morning. You better not let any one but the watchers in the room with him till I come in the morning."

About six o'clock Wilfred came in to spend a short time caring for George before going to the Union. Helen tells him of George's condition, of his fever, of the call of John Gledman, and of the doctor's explanation of George's fever. This only confirms Wilfred's conclusions of the night before.

At seven-thirty o'clock he starts for the meeting, telling them he will be back as soon as it is over, and give them some needed rest.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE MEETING OF THE UNION

It had become thoroughly noised around among the members that there would be something doing at the meeting that night. The refusal of the Company to reinstate George and then his attempted murder in addition to the discharge of Wilfred Glenn—all combined to awaken a lively interest and excitement among the members of the Union; so much so that they were all out and the hall was full. Even Grant Worthington and Clarence Lathrope were present to watch proceedings and report by the direction of John Gledman.

After the preliminary service was over and it was time for special business, the secretary read the communications from the Company in which they refuse to reinstate George Stockworth at the request of the Union, and another from the investigating committee of the Company in which they find Wilfred Glenn guilty of theft and discharge him from the Company's employ. Indications of discontent and disapproval were heard over the hall while these communications were being read.

The Chair—"These communications are before you, what shall be done with them?"

A motion was made and carried that the meeting be resolved into a committee of the whole to consider these communications freely and without re-

straint. Simeon Brace, president of the Union, acted as chairman of the committee.

The Chairman—"What is your pleasure, brethren?"

From over all the room came cries, "Brace! Brace! Brace!"

He arose and said: "Will the secretary act as chairman." Brethren of the Union, this seems to me to be a time for earnest thought, careful consideration, but determined action. Whether we are men or slaves; whether we have liberties or whether we have none; whether our lives are of value or whether they are subject to the caprice of any trickster; these are questions of vital moment to us and are for us to settle. If we go about them rashly and without due deliberation we shall fail; but if we are careful and determined, I believe we shall succeed, for right and justice and public sympathy are on our side.

"It goes without saying it that our two brothers have been unjustly discharged, so far as my information goes, and I think of every one present. If any one in this room has information that would justify the discharge, I trust he will give it here tonight. The life of one of the same two has been assailed by perhaps the same enemy. If this evil influence emanates from the Company by resolution then our opposition should be made against the Company, to right these wrongs; if the evil influence comes from an individual and this individual is backed by the Company in one form or another then again the Company becomes responsible and our

action is against it, that it may free itself of this evil that is harming us. Individually, I am satisfied that one of these two conditions is correct, either the Company by direct action is the source of the wrong or an individual sustained by the Company is. In either case our action is against the Company. We have tried a petition and have asked for an investigation, but they have refused. What remains for us to do? I am not ready to say just now. I desire to hear from other members."

Cries come again, "Glenn! Glenn! Glenn!"

Wilfred Glenn arose and said, "Brethren, it is not fitting that I, one of the parties concerned directly, should have much to say on that part of the subject relating to myself. It would be much better for you to take whatever action seems good to you under the circumstances without any impulse from me. I, being so directly interested, may be prejudiced in the case. That I am guilty of the charge which they claim to have proved against me I trust that it is not necessary for me to deny, but I do deny it most emphatically. Nor can they prove it in a court of justice, before unprejudiced jurors. Many of you have known me from my boyhood days, and my record is written before you to read at your pleasure. I appeal to that record for my evidence.

"But with regard to the case of our unfortunate brother unionist, I feel that I can speak more freely. That he is *not* guilty of the charge made against him I *know*, for he was working under my direct supervision at the time. He was made to appear to be disobedient when he was not, for a direct purpose,

I think. There evidently was a purpose back of his discharge on the part of somebody perhaps on the outside of the pit. It would appear the purpose was not accomplished by the discharge, hence the attempt at his murder followed. It has been suggested to me by several persons that there is a connection between George Stockworth's case and my own. Whether there is or not I do not know, but I can say that it looks as though there is. If there is a connection between the two then my life may be in jeopardy. And what is true of George Stockworth and Wilfred Glenn may be true of any one of you if you chance to stand in the way of any member of the Company or a friend of his.

"In my judgment it is time something should be done and done effectively. What that something is should not be proposed by me. I take my seat."

From different parts of the hall came cries, "Lathrope! Lathrope! Lathrope! Let's hear him."

Clarence Lathrope arose and said, "Gentlemen of the Union, I have nothing to say. I have said too much now."

Cries for Worthington were made. Worthington said: "You men all know me that when I say something I stick to it. I'm no weak back. All I've said in this matter is that I seen him take the coat and bring it back, and I did. He says himself that he done it. I didn't say I seen him take the pocketbook, but it looks very much like it. Circumstantial evidence is strong 'gainst him, you bet. I've no more to say."

A young man by the name of Jerry Gordon arose

and said: "I should like to say a few words concerning the character of these two young men. George Stockworth and Wilfred Glenn. I have known them both since we were boys together, and I desire to say that I regard them as above doing a dishonorable act. That either of them would do an act worthy of a discharge I do not believe. That one of them has committed theft is unworthy of belief for one moment. Some wicked influence is operating against them through the Company. In my judgment the Company should be shown that they should deal with their workmen as men, not as slaves, with men of thought, not with beasts without thought. Miners feel that they *are* men and would like to be recognized as such by the Company. They should be made to realize that these men with whom they have dealt so harshly are men of integrity, honesty, and good purpose like themselves."

The Chair—"Are there any other remarks to be made in the committee of the whole? . . . . . Shall the committee rise?"

The Chair—"The regular session of the Union is in order for business. What is your pleasure?"

Jerry Gordon arose and said: "Mr. President, I desire to move the adoption of the following resolutions:

"1st. That this Union demand an investigation into the charges preferred against George Stockworth and Wilfred Glenn; that the investigating committee be composed of three men from this Union and three from the Company.

"2d. That this same committee investigate the attack on George Stockworth's life.

"3d. That work in the Merfield mines be suspended till the investigation be granted and concluded."

This motion was seconded by Jared Smith.

The Chair—"The resolutions are open for discussion. There are three propositions. Would it not be better to consider them separately?"

The House—"Agreed."

The Chair—"Are there any remarks on the first resolution, that we demand an investigation into the charges against George Stockworth and Wilfred Glenn and that the committee consist of three from this Union and three from the Company?"

Clarence Lathrope said: "I do not think the Company will consent to investigate through a joint committee. Would it not be better to leave it to their honesty and good judgment. Perhaps they may think that we question their honesty or good judgment—one or both."

Jerry Gordon spoke in behalf of his resolutions as follows: "I think we have already had two samples of their 'honesty and good judgment' in investigation. In my opinion we do not need any more of such 'honesty and good judgment.' Mr. President, to be frank, I think we have had good reason to question most seriously both their honesty and their good judgment. For one, I am ready for the question."

"Question! Question!" came from different parts of the hall.

The Chair put the question and it was carried

without a dissenting vote. Grant Worthington and Clarence Lathrope refrained from voting.

The second resolution, that the same committee should investigate the attempt on George Stockworth's life was carried in the same way, the same two not voting.

The third resolution, that work in the Merfield mine be suspended till the investigation be granted and concluded was discussed pro and con. Some thought that this would make a break between Union and Company, and the Union was not ready for a break; others thought that it would be better to wait till it should be seen whether the Company would allow an investigation or not; still others thought there would be no use of waiting, for the Company would not grant such a request as they had already refused a similar but easier one; and again, others thought that there is a principle at stake.

"Are miners men, entitled to consideration equal to that due to members of the Company; or are they simply beasts of burden or machines, not entitled to respect and consideration due to human beings, but made to move only at the dictation of another?"

On the whole, the discussion was highly favorable to the resolution. The question was called for and put. The vote was almost unanimous in favor of the resolution, only three voting against it. It was then made unanimous, except Worthington and Lathrope, who did not vote.

A motion was made that the chairman, Simeon Brace, president of the Union, be one of the three

to represent the Union on the investigating committee, and that he appoint the two others. The Chair appointed Jerry Gordon and the secretary, Perry Jones, as the two other members of the committee. He also instructed the secretary of the Union to inform the secretary of the Company of the action of the Union. The Chair appointed Wilfred Glenn, Jared Smith and Jim McMurray a committee to see that the suspension of work in the Merfield mine be rigidly carried out to the limit of the motion.

The Chair—"Do you all pledge yourselves to carry out the provisions of this third resolution and assist the committee in all ways possible? All who will do so, please arise."

All arose except the two, Clarence Lathrope and Grant Worthington.

The Chair—"The brethren will see to it that these two also refrain from work in the mine."

The Chair continued: "As soon as matters are settled satisfactory to the committee, notices will be posted in the usual ways and places, and then it is understood that we will all return to work.

"Brethren, be men, as we ask the Company to consider us. Refrain from all violence. And while you insist that the mine shall not open Monday morning, unless our points are granted, still insist in a manly way. We feel, you know, that we have rights in the mine which the Company is bound to and must respect. You realize, too, that we do not consider it any breach of manhood, law or morals to close the mine to secure our rights. While I individually believe that we could better settle our cause at the

ballot box than by strikes, yet so many of us are still so blinded by old party ties that we cannot see that to strike is the old, brutal, heathen use of force, when the quiet, peaceful vote would be easier, better and more effective; hence we are not ready yet to use the ballot in this great struggle. Let that be as it may, we have entered into this battle determined to win a victory or die in the struggle. Quit you like men and do not give up the fight till victory is ours, and we, our wives and our children, are free, free to be men and women and children worthy of free men and women. And now shall we close, resolved to do and die if necessary."

Cheers filled the hall when Chairman Brace sat down.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ONE PROBLEM SOLVED

After the meeting, Wilfred Glenn goes to the home of Mrs. Stockworth. There he finds everything in a state of excitement. George is talking and raving in the delirium of a brain fever. The doctor had been summoned and is present doing his best to check the raging of the fever, but his efforts seem to be of no avail. He is conscious George cannot last long unless this fever can be checked. Helen, Mrs. Stockworth, and Grace speak much of fear mingled with but little hope; they speak not in word so much, for they wait in almost breathless silence to catch some word or look from the doctor that will give hope; but they do speak in expression of the face which they cannot control.

The doctor said to Wilfred, "I cannot understand the strange effect of the presence of John Gledman on George, for evidently it was his presence in the room that produced the excitement that caused the fever, as nearly as I can tell. When I left this morning he was doing well and continued to do well, so his mother reports, till John came in, since then he has steadily grown worse. There is something between him and John. What can it be?"

In order that the doctor may have the benefit of all that he knows and suspects, Wilfred tells him all, even the suspicions which Grace and Helen have given him.

Taking these as a clew and a basis of action, the doctor changes his course of treatment. He directs Helen to remain by George's side continuously as long as she can possibly, even in preference to his mother, who may give Helen respite only when she *must* have it. She is to bathe and soothe his head in cold water, and gently rub his forehead with her bare hand. She should speak to him quietly at times, calling him George and saying, "This is Helen. Do you know me, George?" I think if you can do this for about three hours, at the end of that time or near it you will begin to see evidences of recognition from your question. Of course, continue to give him these tablets to lessen his fever, if you can get him to swallow them. I shall return in the morning to see him and how the experiment works. Call me before that time if necessary."

Helen is left alone in the room with George to carry out the instructions of the doctor, while the others go into the adjoining room, and the doctor to his home.

At the first opportunity given, Grace and Mrs. Stockworth inquire eagerly concerning the action of the Union.

He replies simply, "I think something will be done."

"Grace, are you going home to-night?"

"Yes," said Grace, there doesn't seem to be anything here for me to do. Helen seems to have it all on her hands to-night, so I might as well rest."

"May I attend you home?"

"If it is your pleasure," replied Grace.

"It certainly is," returned Wilfred.

As soon as they are on the way, Wilfred said to Grace, "The doctor seems to think that John Gledman had some strange influence over George to excite him into this high fever. How do you account for it, Grace? You know what you said to me last night, that you feared there was some connection between George's discharge and the attack on his life, and there might be a connection between his case and mine. When I returned to Mrs. Stockworth's, she and Helen expressed similar sentiments to me. This set me to thinking and I went out into the yard and spent some time in studying the problem. I could not exactly solve it, but I believe I have a good starting point. It is necessary that something should be worked out in order to stop this wickedness that is being done. You gave me to understand last evening that you knew more, at least hinted to that effect. Is it not possible for you to give me some clew from what you know?"

"In answer to this Grace said, "Did I not give you a hint last evening?"

"Yes, you did, Grace, but this is so serious a problem that we need more than hints. The fact that John Gledman had so great an effect on George startles me, and leads my mind in a direction I would not have it go, for I would not do any one injustice. Then the fact that his father was so active in convicting me points to a connection between George's case and mine."

Grace stopped and turning directly in front of and facing Wilfred for a moment, said: "I know

your thoughts. You would shield me and John Gledman. Let me tell you now, plainly, John Gledman was at one time an accepted lover of mine, and so far as his parents and mine are concerned, for they are all favorable to this relationship between us, he is yet; but he knows and I, especially, know that he is not an accepted lover of mine any longer. I believe he thinks you are the cause of this break in the relationship between us and he is seeking to remove you as the cause, that the way may be open to himself again. I have good reasons for this belief, or I should be far from naming it to you. Whether you are the cause of the change coming between John and myself or are in the least in his way we should not discuss at this time. It is not for me to call up such a question, certainly not at this time, especially to you under present circumstances. Again, he does not like to have me associate with Helen and George because they are common working people, just as though that makes any difference to him: hence he is trying to get George out of the way. I have reasons for this opinion also, or I should not give it. I think I have been plain to you now, and I hope you will receive these statements in confidence and not betray me as the giver of them. They may open the way to you to a deeper investigation than I am able to give you in any other way. I would not have told you what I have were it not for the fact that life is at stake."

"Thank you, Grace, for this light into the problem and for this confidence which you have placed in me. Be assured, I shall not presume on any of the state-

ments you have made to me, nor act on them towards you personally further than I should have done if you had not said them, nor further than is manifestly pleasing to you."

"Wilfred, by your frankness and evident honesty of manhood, you have won my admiration and confidence. This confidence in you, combined with the seriousness of the case, led me to tell you what I did. You may act upon the statements as you please."

By this time they had come to Grace's home. He bade her good-night and they parted—each to think thoughts which it were better not to reveal here.

By George's bedside Helen stands or sits bathing his head, rubbing his brow gently, giving him his medicine at times as she is able, and talking to him in gentle loving tones, speaking his name and then saying, "This is Helen, don't you know me? Can't you open your eyes and look at me?" This she does for three long hours during the night without any evidence of recognition. It is wonderful what a loving hand can endure! Her love and hope for George and her faith in Dr. Guthrie keep her up for this long period; then when no recognition comes, she begins to look more anxiously, then to fear lest recognition would never come again. "But I cannot, I will not give him up. He must see me, he shall see me! Oh, George! look at me!" In this struggle of soul her hands and heart move on for another hour—four long hours,—but long to her only because his eyes and lips are sealed. Again there comes another deep outburst of soul longing. "Oh, George! can't you see me! Don't you know me?

Can't you open your eyes and look on your Helen?" When, oh, love has won! George opens his eyes a little way and a faint smile lights up his face. Helen sees, and with eyes turned upward says, "O God, I thank thee." His eyes close again, but a trace of the smile remains. Throughout the next hour, at shorter intervals his eyes open and continue open each time a little longer. Then his lips seem to move, and Helen, putting her ear down close to his lips, hears the word "Helen" faintly uttered. Her heart leaps for joy at the sound of her own name from his lips, for it means returning consciousness. She hastens to the door, calls his mother, who has been waiting in sleepless suspense five almost endless hours for a word of hope, and now it has come, she can tell by Helen's tone. She steps to his bedside. His eyes open again and from his lips come faintly the word, "Mother." "Oh, God, we thank thee," is the prayer of the mother. After another hour of bathing head and gently rubbing hands and arms at intervals, and of rest for him, for he is very weak and must not be overtaxed, he opens his eyes and moves his lips. His mother, bending over him hears the word "Wilfred." Wilfred is called, comes in and stooping over him hears his own name.

There is joy in that household over the returning consciousness of George. Six hours of intense struggle between love and the murderer's blows, and love has won—Helen's love has saved the life of her lover. Say you that this is too much for love to do? Oh, no, there is no greater power than love.

By the time the doctor comes in the morning

George has improved so much that his eyes are open a large portion of the time and in a faint voice can utter a few broken sentences at a time. The doctor is surprised to see so marked an improvement. He was looking for a good effect from Helen's work over him, but not for so great an effect so soon.

"But we must be very careful yet," says Dr. Guthrie. "If John Gledman should come again, do not let him into the room with George. Do not let George hear his voice if you can help it."

"I," continued the doctor, "explain the result of yesterday's visit in this way. In George's subconscious existence there was a knowledge of some dreaded or extremely repulsive feeling which acted very aversely on his weak physical being when John came in his presence. The result was great physical and mental action—too great for his weak condition—producing brain fever. Love's soothing power was the only remedy and Helen possessed this. She applied it and drove the fever away, because it destroyed the cause. The bathing of the head in cold water has helped to keep the fever out of the brain and has been soothing to the crushed portions of his skull. The gentle rubbing of hands and arms helped to keep up heart action as there was danger of heart-failure while he was so weak. He seems to be doing nicely. Helen, I think George will let you have a little rest and sleep, for you have richly earned it in your fierce fight with death.

"To-day is Sunday and people will be coming here in large numbers, to see or to hear about George, but do not let many in to see him if you do any, lest

he becomes weary or excited. Keep him calm and quiet. Do not let him try to talk too much. I shall be here this evening again."

Sunday passes at the Stockworth home without any event of importance taking place. People came in large numbers to see George if possible, if not, to inquire about him and to express their sympathy. Among those that came were many of the miners, including even Jake Strong, the pit boss.

About noon it is circulated around that the sheriff is still searching for Joe Brock, but has not yet found him.

Wilfred Glenn spends all of the day which he can spare away from George in seeking more light on his problem to be solved. He is now certain from what Grace said that John Gledman is connected with George's discharge and the attack on his life; but how is he connected? What part did he do? How did he bring about his discharge and the assault on his life? To what extent is the Company involved? The day closes with these questions all answered in Wilfred's mind but unsupported by proof.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE STRIKE BEGUN

Through Grant Worthington and Clarence Lathrope, the Company was informed early Sunday morning of the action of the Union. A meeting of the directors was hurriedly called for eight o'clock.

At this meeting, while the president, Senator Stenwick, was in heart really in sympathy with the miners, yet he felt he must stand by the Company in such a crisis as this.

It was resolved: 1st, "Not to enter with the miners into a joint investigation."

2d, "That they would open the mine Monday morning for work." Nathan Gledman, James Tomas and Jerry Jackson were appointed a committee to secure men to open the mine if the miners would not work.

All day Sunday this committee was at work by telegraph and long distance telephone in securing a strike breaker and his posse to open the mine. They also secured the promise from the governor of the state that he would order out the militia if necessary.

The news of their efforts was circulated thoroughly among the miners through the day, so that they kept well posted on the actions and efforts of the Company.

On the early train Monday morning one hundred men arrived. Under the guidance of Nathan Gled-

man and the direction of their captain, they march from the depot up to the Company's office. The miners, because of their keeping acquainted with the action of the Company's committee yesterday are all at the pit entrance in full force to the number of two hundred and fifty. At the regular hour for opening the mine, the whistle blows and the machinery starts, but the miners who have gathered at the tipple and have completely blockaded the pit make no move to descend.

Mr. Gledman approaches them and says: "Are you not going to work?"

Jared Smith, who acts as spokesman for the miners, says: "No, sir, not till you yield to our just demands, and allow a thorough investigation into the charges against George Stockworth and Wilfred Glenn, and of the attack on George Stockworth. Of this, our position, you have already been informed by our secretary."

"Well, then step out of our way," said Mr. Gledman, "we have men to take your places. We do not propose to be dictated to by our employees."

"Mr. Gledman," said Jared Smith, "we do not desire to dictate to the Company in their field of rights, but we, too, have our rights, and it becomes us to maintain them and we expect to do so to the best of our ability. You say, "step out of 'our' way." We deny that this is *your* way: we insist that it is *our* way. You say, 'We have men to take your places.' You are correct, they are our places, and we propose to defend them to the best of our strength."

"We shall see whose way it is," retorted Mr. Gledman. Returning to the office he held a short conversation with Tom Graydon the "strike breaker." The latter, after a few quiet words to his men, ordered a rush upon the miners to break through their ranks if possible and reach the "cage."

Wilfred Glenn saw at once the intent of the breakers and said quickly: "Stand your ground, men; but do not do any violence, unless they attack you first and then only defend yourselves. Remember the words of our president Saturday night."

The strike breakers came on with a tremendous rush, but the miners stood their ground with heroic stubbornness, so much so that the strike breakers might as well have run up against a stone wall. They were too few—only one hundred, running against two hundred and fifty strong, determined men. No harm was done except a few of the outsiders were knocked down in meeting the onset. The strike breakers failing to reach the cage, retreated to their starting point.

A lusty cheer went up from the miners when the strike breakers withdrew.

Mr. Gledman and Tom Graydon had hoped that when the miners saw the hundred men coming with a rush they would give way, but in this they were disappointed and forced to see that the miners had more strength of purpose than they had supposed.

The Company's committee hold a short consultation after this failure of their first effort and decide to swear out warrants of arrest for the three leaders of the miners—Wilfred Glenn, Jared Smith and

James McMurray. Mr. Gledman therefore goes to the mayor's office to swear out warrants for the arrest of these three, charging them with unlawfully obstructing business. He also intends to swear out an additional warrant against Wilfred Glenn for stealing.

Wilfred Glenn, catching a suspicion from the conduct of their committee, anticipating their action has warrants of arrest sworn out against the three members of their committee, Nathan Gledman, James Tomas and Jerry Jackson, and the strike breakers' leader, Tom Graydon, for assault and battery; hence Mr. Gledman finds himself in the toils of the law on his way to have the miners' leaders arrested. Wilfred instructs his men not to leave their posts for food nor sleep. He also tells them that if the Company succeed in arresting him and the two other members of the committee they should elect three others at once and continue to elect as long as they may arrest.

The three members of the Company's committee and Tom Graydon at once gave bail and proceeded to carry out their intention. They secured the arrest of the three members of the Union's committee—Wilfred Glenn, Jared Smith and James McMurray. The assembled miners immediately elected three others to act in the absence of the committee and carry on the work of the strike.

This quick action on the part of the miners seems to puzzle the Company's committee. They meet in session and ask one another what they should do next, in fact, what they can do next. Each one says,

"I do not know." Finally Mr. Gledman says, "We should like to avoid a clash if possible, but we must be masters of the situation. I was in hopes that the arrest of the three leaders would frighten them, but we failed in that too. We cannot appeal to the governor, for there is no violence used. This is the most peculiar strike I have ever known. It is noon and dinner time. Suppose we adjourn till after dinner. Perhaps something may develop by that time." All are agreed and they adjourn till 1:30 p. m.

The miners all stand firm to their posts. Their wives or daughters bring their dinners to them. During the noon hour arrangements are made to bail out the three miners arrested, and they return to duty. As the Company is puzzled and does not know what to do, so the miners do not see how it is going to end. They fear the Company may import enough strike breakers to overpower them, thus forcing them from the pit and gaining an entrance to the mine. The miners are also coming to the conclusion that the victory, if won at all, will not be won without a fierce conflict. But it means freedom to them so there does not come into their minds even a thought of yielding, and yet it looks dark.

CHAPTER XXXV

A STEP FORWARD—A REVELATION

There is an old saying as follows: "The darkest hour is just before day."

The miners have an intercessor in Grace Stenwick. The condition of the strike at the mine has reached the Stockworth home, where Grace is in attendance upon George who is carefully guarded from all exciting news concerning the strike. As soon as the news of the present condition of the strike reaches Grace, she at once leaves George to his mother and Helen, who has been resting all the morning, and hastens home to see her father. She arrives just in time to see him before he goes to the mine, where he has been all the morning, keenly observing the course of things.

"Father," said Grace, "can you give me a moment before you go back?"

"Yes, daughter, if you will make it short. Conditions are bad at the mine and need my attention."

"That is what I desire to talk to you about, father. Is it not possible to stop this trouble in some way?"

"I do not know how, daughter. The men seem to be in a determined state of mind and refuse to yield. They are not violent; they simply block the pit hole so no work can be done."

"Father, have you tried to look on their side of the question?"

"I think I have, Grace, but perhaps all of the Company have not."

"Don't you think, father, that the men have some reason for doing as they are doing?"

"I do not think they have sufficient reason, Grace."

"Suppose some man should come here to our house with a large force of men and tell you to get out and leave the premises to him, you would certainly refuse and insist on knowing why he made the demand. Then, suppose he should trump up some sort of a reason and bring in three or four of his own men to prove his reason to be valid."

"I see your point, Grace, but your illustration fails in two respects: 1st, This house is mine, but the work at the mine is not Wilfred Glenn's and George Stockworth's. 2d, Our reasons are not trumped up, they are valid."

"Let us see, father. You say this house is yours, but the work is not theirs. That is the very point at issue. I asked you about that very point at first when I said: 'Have you tried to look on their side?' They consider the work theirs just as much as you consider this house yours or the stock in the mine as yours. And they consider that they are being unjustly deprived of their own. Let us now look at the second point: You say your reasons are not 'trumped up.' Father, I happen to know they are. I did not intend to reveal to you what I do now reveal. Upon my word as an honored daughter of yours, I now say that John Gledman is at the bottom of all this trouble, and he has 'trumped up' all these

things against these two men to carry his points. How do I know it? I have it from his own lips in the case of George Stockworth, and I believe it to be true in the case of Wilfred Glenn. I should not have revealed this to you of John Gledman if matters had not gone so far, but I feel it my duty, as a true woman, to tell you."

"My daughter, Grace, do you mean to tell me that John Gledman has plotted and brought about all this disgrace and crime against George Stockworth?"

"I have it from his own lips in case of the trouble in the mine, and there is no doubt in my mind of his connection in some way with the crime against George."

"Let me go, daughter. I am determined on what I shall do as president of this Company. I am determined we shall not help to cover and father such wickedness. If necessary, this whole thing shall be exposed, even if it brings discredit on Nathan Gledman. And you are sure, Grace, you are not mistaken?"

"I am sure, father, as sure as I could possibly be without seeing the acts myself, that John Gledman is the guilty party."

"Oh, Grace, how thankful we ought to be that he has become known to us before it would be too late."

"I have known him for some time, father. There has not been any danger from that source for a longer time than you imagine."

CHAPTER XXXVI

SOME PROPOSITIONS

When Mr. Stenwick reached the office of the Company he found the committee in session, discussing various ways by which their end could be attained —either by breaking the strike or by forcing the men in some way to return to work. One suggested the doubling of the strike-breaking force, but that would be very expensive; another suggested the idea of provoking the miners to violence and then calling upon the governor for the militia, but in the judgment of the committee the miners seemed determined not to do violence, hence could not be provoked to it; and still another, and this was Mr. Gledman, suggested the idea of hiring some one to destroy some property and of using this as a pretext for calling on the state for aid.

Mr. Stenwick could not stand it any longer, especially after hearing the last suggestion so nearly like the tactics evidently employed by his own son to produce this trouble. "Gentlemen of the committee," he said, "I have been listening very carefully to your suggestions, since I came into the room. Permit me to say that I am very decidedly of the impression that you better abandon all methods of repression and proceed to methods of conciliation as quickly as possible."

All say: "That will never do."

Mr. Gledman, the chairman of the committee, says: "We must persist in this policy till we succeed."

Mr. Stenwick—"Let me tell you, gentlemen, and especially Mr. Gledman, 'We shall never succeed for our cause is wrong, and we must recede from it as gracefully as possible.' "

Mr. Gledman—"Never! We must continue."

Mr. Stenwick—"Let me tell you one thing more, gentlemen, and this you will and must heed: I have come into possession of some evidence since I started for this office that makes it imperative for us to recede or some of us will stand before the world utterly disgraced."

At this statement, Mr. Gledman turned as white as death.

Mr. Stenwick continues: "If you do not wish to take the responsibility, I will do it. Adjourn your committee. I will pay off these strike breakers and send them home. I will announce to the miners that we have been laboring under a mistaken notion and have just found out our mistake; that they may go back to their work on the conditions of their resolutions. I think they will take my word that a thorough investigation will be made and will return to their work."

At this moment cries, and shouts and cheers are heard among the miners.

All rush to the door and inquire what the matter is. A dozen voices from the men standing around near are heard: "Joe Brock is captured." Then one standing near continued: "He was captured by

the sheriff who phoned to the mayor from Henry Swartzwoods."

Of course the excitement occasioned by the arrest interrupted the meeting of the committee for some time. When the members did get together again, it was so late that it was thought best to adjourn till morning to consider the propositions of the president.

CHAPTER XXXVII

IN THE TOILS

On the way home, Mr. Gledman thinks thus: "I must stop these propositions of the president. If an investigation is granted there will be no saving of John. He will be surely found out and our whole family will be disgraced. If I can stop the investigation there may be some hope, and yet I cannot see where this strike will end. I would rather spend every cent of the Company's money in crushing this strike even though it crushes every miner, than to have this disgrace fall upon John and our family; for what are a hundred miners as compared with my John? But Senator Stenwick knows something Can it be that he in some way has learned what John has been doing? I truly hope not, and yet I fear."

On reaching home he found John there and noticed that he seemed nervous. "It is a happy circumstance," said the father, "that Joe Brock has been captured. It is unfortunate and dangerous to a community to have such men at large. They are a menace to all good society. I trust he will get his just deserts and be put where he will not get out soon. What makes you so quiet to-night, John? Are you sick?"

"I am not feeling very well, father. I believe I shall eat my supper, if Nancy can get it for me now, and go to my room."

Just then the doorbell rings and Mr. Gledman responds. At the door he finds Mr. Jacobs.

"Is your son John at home, Mr. Gledman?"

"Yes, sir. Will you step into the sitting room?"

They both walk into the sitting room where John is standing ready to go out to see about his supper.

"Be seated, Mr. Jacobs," said Mr. Gledman.

"No, thank you, Mr. Gledman. I have the unpleasant duty to perform to arrest your son, John Gledman, for complicity in the attempted murder of George Stockworth. You are my prisoner, John Gledman."

The sheriff steps up to John, places one hand on his shoulder and with the other displays a pair of handcuffs.

"Will you go peaceably or shall I put these on you?"

"I will go peaceably."

Mr. Gledman, surprised, amazed and astounded, could not command himself at first, for he had not had any suspicion of John's connection with the attempted murder, at length said: "Mr. Jacobs, what does this mean? What has my boy been doing? Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

Then the sheriff related to him the shooting, the capture, the confession of Joe Brock. In that confession, Mr. Gledman, your son is very seriously implicated. It is in consequence of this confession that your son is arrested. The evidence will, of course, come out in the trial."

Mr. Gledman turned to his son and almost beside himself, asked: "My son, are you guilty?"

The son, more thoughtful, said: "Father, don't ask me here, but come to me in the morning and let me tell you."

After the sheriff and John were gone, Mr. Gledman walked the floor in anguish of mind. "Has my son come to this? What could have been his motive for such a deed? Is it possible that he let his selfish ideas carry him to that extreme? It cannot be true. There must be some mistake. It is too sad to be true." These are some of the thoughts that passed through his mind and found expression in audible words although he was alone in the room. Who but a father can feel a father's anguish for a wayward son in whom he had taken great pride?

No sleep came to Mr. Gledman's eyes that night, while his mind turned first to one solution and then to another:—at one time he would blame his son, at another he would blame himself for the way he had indulged and humored him, and again he would blame his wife for her lack of motherly care when he was younger. But through it all there was the father's love for his only son; so grief and complaint were strangely commingled throughout the long, sleepless night.

Fortunately, Mrs. Gledman was in another part of the house when the arrest was made, and she was accustomed not to see him around during the evening, hence she knew nothing of what had happened till the next morning. Mr. Gledman had purposely kept the news from her till morning, because he knew it would deprive her of her night's sleep. Her

health was poor, and the loss of sleep through the night, combined with the sorrow from which he could not shield her, caused him to keep the information from her as long as possible.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

JOE BROCK'S CONFESSION

At the home of the Stockworth's, great care had been taken throughout Monday to keep George from learning any of the facts concerning the strike or concerning the capture of Joe Brock. Since Sunday morning there had been a steady, gradual growth towards consciousness and strength. He is yet very weak and there is fear of the effect of excitement. The wound in the skull is doing as well as the doctor could expect.

In the afternoon after the doctor had made his visit for the day, Helen said to George when they were alone: "Oh, George! how thankful I am that you are spared to me alive. This trial has led me to know how much I depend on you and how much I love you. Grace has been very kind and has helped to care for you since you were hurt."

"Helen, how was I hurt, and what hurt me? You nor mother has told me anything about what happened to me. The last I remember I was coming home from your house. The next I knew I was here at home. Tell me about it."

"Not now, George, you are not yet strong enough. Wait a day or two and I will tell you, but let me do the talking and you do the listening. You have been very sick, but you are much better now. I am so

glad that you can look at me and talk to me a little. Wilfred Glenn has been a great help to us too, and he has been very faithful to you.

"I must not talk to you any more now. I hope you will soon be strong enough so we can have a good long talk together."

At this moment Mrs. Stockworth came into the room and said that Helen was wanted out in the other room. On going out she saw Wilfred with a broad smile on his face as though he had some good news to tell her.

"Say it," said Helen, "for we are anxious for all the good news you can give us."

Wilfred then said: "Word has crept out that the president of the Company is in favor of conceding to the demands of the miners. I could not help stealing away from the mine a little while to look in on George and give you the news. The miners consider it a great victory if Mr. Stenwick is on their side; but they hear Mr. Gledman, the chairman of the committee, is still firm and refuses to yield, and that the other members stand with him."

"I think, Wilfred," said Grace, "that the rumor concerning my father is correct, and I would not be surprised if Mr. Gledman would be brought to the conceding point before many days."

"Girls," said Wilfred, "there is some more news for you as good as what I have told you; you may think it is better.

"What is it?" asked the girls.

"Joe Brock has been captured."

"Good!" said both Helen and Grace.

"He shot and killed one of the deputies," said Wilfred, "before they could capture him."

"Oh, that is too bad," said Grace.

"The sheriff had to shoot Joe before he could capture him. He put up a brave and desperate fight before he was captured."

Helen said: "I am so glad they have caught him, even if he had to be killed to be captured. The city is freed from a bad man. He was not safe to be at large. Where did the sheriff find him after so long a hunt? He must have had a hard time to find him."

"They found him hid in an old hunters' or trappers' cabin in a large forest about ten miles south of here. He had probably been there a large portion of the time since he left. There is one thing more connected with his capture which I have not yet told you, and this will be of special interest to Grace."

"Tell me quickly what it is," said Grace.

"After he was shot by the sheriff, when he realized that he must die in a very few moments, he confessed that he attempted to kill George and why he made the attempt. He said that last Wednesday evening as he was going to Jim Stuvel's saloon, just as he came near the door of the saloon he met John Gledman. He said that John asked him to go with him around back of the saloon for he had something special to say to him and wished to say it privately. After getting behind the saloon he proposed to pay him two hundred and fifty dollars if he would make away with George Stockworth, as he was a perfect nuisance to him and wished to get him out of the way. Joe said that seemed an awful big lot of mon-

ey for one night's job, and as he was about strapped he told John he would do it, as it made but little difference to him what he did just so he got the money for it.

"Joe said that he and John sat there about one-half hour planning how to do it and when. John knew that George visited Helen Hendman frequently either at Senator Stenwick's or at her own home, and that in either case he had to pass over the Stanford Pike on his way home. John said that if he could find out some time when he would be passing along the Pike after dark he could easily get him. Oh, by the way, he said he happened to know that George would be going over to Mrs. Hendman's the next night. He left for home about half past nine o'clock usually. So it was arranged that they should meet at the Stanford Pike Crossing and that he should attack him there. Joe said that when John left he handed him a roll of bills and said that there was fifty dollars, and when the job was done the balance would be ready for him.

"Joe said that the next afternoon he watched George Stockworth very carefully, and as soon as he saw him start towards Mrs. Hendman's after supper, he sent word by his little boy to John to meet him at the Crossing at nine fifteen o'clock. At eight o'clock Joe said he was at the Crossing for fear George might come along earlier than the time set. Almost exactly on time John came. He said they sat on a log back from the pike in the darkness of some bushes, talking matters over. John asked him what he was going to use to 'do him' with. He re-

plied that he intended to hide in a dark place in some bushes, and, as he passed by, he would step in behind him and give him a blow on the head with that sand bag; if that didn't finish him, he would finish him with that club.

"Then John asked him if there wasn't a darker place farther on, and he said there was. He thought they ought to get there as George might be coming along at almost any moment.

"After they had reached the place a few rods away, they sat down and talked a few moments in the dark shadows of the bushes, when they heard some one singing. John said he knew it was George for he recognized the singing, he had had too much of it already; he hoped it would stop to-night, never to start again; that singing had cost him a great deal of trouble, and that now he would be through with it.

"He said they remained very quiet till George was just past them when he slipped out quietly and dealt him a blow on the head which dropped him to the ground instantly, and as he struggled to rise he hit him two blows on the head with the club. These silenced him and they dragged his body out into the bushes a short distance away and covered it with leaves and bushes, thinking him to be dead.

"Joe said that before they parted John handed him a roll of bills saying, 'Here is the balance of your money.' He wanted to see the job well done, and he thought it was."

"This is Joe's confession. I have just one more thing to say to you. The sheriff took the testimony

of Joe Brock before two witnesses, and as soon as he could reach Merfield arrested John Gledman on a charge accessory to attempted murder; and John is now in jail.

"Grace, I should have been more careful of your feelings, if you had not told me what you did; because of that I thought you might be glad to know that his true character had become known."

"I am not sorry," said Grace. "He had ceased to be anything to me. My feelings revolted against him when he told me how he had plotted to secure the discharge of George from the mine."

"Oh, then he told you that, did he? Was that what you meant when you told me that you knew more?"

"Yes," replied Grace. "And now let me say more emphatically than I said before, I believe he will be found to be implicated in the charges against you."

Helen said: "How could that fellow be so wicked as to do such a thing? How could he try to kill George just for money?"

"I must return to the mine at once," said Wilfred, "to see how matters are going on there. I could not help but come over and tell you so good news. Give the news to Mrs. Stockworth, but you better not let George know it yet."

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE STRIKE ENDED

At last the night of sleepless suffering for Nathan Gledman is passed, and at the dawn of morning he arises, for he is worn out with lying in bed.

At the breakfast table Mrs. Gledman inquires for John and notices the troubled, haggard look on Mr. Gledman's face. She says: "Tell me, Nathan, what troubles you. Where is John? Has something happened to him? Where has he gone that he is not here at breakfast? He was not here at supper either, but he is so frequently away at supper time and during the evening that I did not think anything about it. Tell me, Nathan, where *is* my boy?"

Then Mr. Gledman cannot keep the truth from his wife and John's mother any longer. He then tells her the sad story. It may be that she has erred in her bringing of him from boyhood up to young manhood; it may be that he, the father, has been too indulgent with his son; it may be that their hearts are not as tender as they might be towards others not so well circumstanced as they are; but who shall say that in the bosoms of these two, a father and a mother, there are not two tender and broken hearts this sad morning, as they sit at the breakfast of untasted food—two crushed and bleeding hearts over the disgrace and ruin of their only son and child?

Mr. Gledman tells Mrs. Gledman that John wants him to come over to see him this morning. She is anxious to go too, but Mr. Gledman thinks it will be too much for her nervous system to stand. What can keep a mother from a suffering boy when it is possible for her to get to him? So Mrs. Gledman accompanies her husband to the jail.

They found John sad and depressed. At the sight of his mother he broke down, and, as in his childhood days, tried to cry away his grief on his mother's bosom, while she held herself from giving vent to her sorrow in a flood of tears, that she might better comfort her boy, still in spite of herself tears rolled down her cheeks and dropped on the face of her wayward but loved son, joining his tears as they fell on her heart whence they first arose.

Mr. Gledman, with tear-bedimmed eyes, stood in the cell and watched this scene. How different from the happy days of twenty years ago when that same boy, then a baby boy, soothed his sorrow on the same mother breast; but then the sorrow was that of innocent babyhood, but now, how different; of sin-cursed manhood. What has done it? For a brief moment he realizes that his greed for money so blinded his eyes that he has given his time to securing it instead of securing a noble manhood for his boy. However, this confession of his own guilt in the bringing up of his boy was soon drowned in the overwhelming desire to wash out the disgrace upon his family.

In a few moments John lifts his head from his mother's breast and acknowledges to both of them that he is guilty and relates the circumstances as

we know them, only adding his side of it that he did it because of his love for Grace; and because he could not stand it to have George so much in his presence when he desired Grace alone, furthermore, he could not bear to be associated on equal social terms with a poor, day-laborer.

These last statements of John aroused in both father and mother their old aristocratic spirit. With both of them their boy is really innocent; because he did the deed from a good motive as they look at it; therefore he must be defended, he must be cleared, if possible. The disgrace must be wiped from their boy and from their family name. This, then, is his determination.

He tells John not to confess anything to the officials and to be very careful what he says to anybody.

The father and the mother leave their son for the present—the mother to go to her sorrow-stricken home, the father to the sheriff's office. He there learns from the sheriff that the preliminary trial is set for two o'clock this afternoon. He then employs the best law firm in town and suggests a line of defense.

After this he goes to the office of the Company to attend the adjourned meeting of the strike committee to be held at nine o'clock a. m. Mr. Tomas and Mr. Jackson are already at the office waiting for the coming of Mr. Gledman, but they do not know whether he will come or not on account of the arrest of John. On his coming in, however, they express to him some words of sympathy in his sorrow and hope

the charge can be proved to be untrue. In a moment Mr. Stenwick arrives and adds his words of comfort.

The committee is called to order by its chairman, Mr. Gledman. Mr. Stenwick repeats his propositions, to pay off the strike breakers, dismiss them, and accede to the wishes of the miners as only reasonable; and in addition inform the miners that the Company had been laboring under a mistaken notion.

Mr. Gledman withdraws his opposition to the propositions, for he wishes to give his undivided attention to his son's defense, while inwardly now he courts the investigation, because he hopes that, while it may draw attention to another wrong act of his son, it may draw attention away from the larger sin.

Mr. Tomas and Mr. Jackson also withdraw their opposition when the motion is carried unanimously, "That the president of the Company be instructed to settle with and dismiss the strike breakers; that the Company accede to the wishes of the Union as only just; that the president of the Company inform the miners that they, the Company, had been laboring under a mistaken notion; and that the miners be requested to return to work at once with the full assurance that the joint investigation will be faithfully carried out." A meeting of the directors is called for two o'clock p. m. Wednesday of this week, and a meeting of the investigating committee for four o'clock p. m. of the same day. The strike committee, having completed its work, adjourns.

Mr. Stenwick goes out of the office and asks for silence from the miners. He reads to them the reso-

lutions which the committee appointed by the Company with full power to act, has adopted.

Cheer after cheer from the miners fills the air. Then some one proposes a vote of thanks for the Company and its president. This is carried lustily.

After this vote is passed Mr. Stenwick says: "In behalf of the Company and its president permit me to thank you for these expressions of your loyalty and good will. It gives me the greatest of pleasure that I am able to announce to you these decisions of the committee. It always gives me pleasure personally to do or grant what is according to your pleasure. I said 'always.' That is not quite true, for it has not 'always' been so with me. There is a member of my family who has taught me, her father, many a lesson of wisdom in dealing with others. That person you see here frequently among you, and several of you have felt her kindly words, and acts and sympathy at your homes in times of sickness."

"Grace! Grace!" comes from many voices among the miners.

"Now, I ask you as a personal favor to me and to my daughter, who was one of the chief ones to bring about this action of the committee, that you return to work this afternoon and I pledge you my word and honor that your wishes shall be granted."

When Mr. Stenwick ceased speaking, cheers and shouts filled the air.

Some one of the miners called out:

"Mr. President of the Union, I move that inasmuch as the investigation is finished in spirit; if not

in fact, we accede to the wishes of the president of the Company and return to work this afternoon."

The motion was seconded and carried unanimously without discussion.

The miners went home to their dinners to return after dinner to their work.

The strike breakers took the first train for St. Louis.

And thus the strike was ended to the credit of both sides, it ended without bloodshed and without damage to property. It was a credit to the Company because it yielded to a just demand of the Union, and it is always honorable to yield to the right; it was a credit to the miners because they secure concessions to their rights and without any violence, and it was to their credit that they did not use violence.

CHAPTER XL

THE TRIAL

But the battle is not over for Mr. Gledman. He with the aid of his lawyers, has marked out his line of policy for the defense of his son, at the preliminary trial this afternoon before the Justice of the Peace. His aim is to get his son cleared so as not even to be committed to the grand jury.

How little we know what is before us—how little we know the size of our struggle. Many a heart would faint if it could see even the evening from the morning.

Two o'clock comes and with it the trial at the justice's court, to determine whether John Gledman shall be held to await the action of the grand jury at its coming session upon the charge of being an accomplice to the attempted murder of George Stockworth.

A large crowd has gathered around the office, for this case has attracted widespread attention and great surprise. "The idea that a Gledman should be on trial for a crime!"

The first two witnesses for the prosecution were the two men whom the sheriff had to hear the statements sworn to by Joe Brock just before he died. They gave the details as the reader knows them already.

Mr. Gledman and his lawyers felt easy over these statements, for they had laid their plans as to how they thought they could destroy this evidence of guilt. But when the prosecuting attorney called Jacob Snyder to the stand, the defense began to wonder and then to fear lest he knew something that would be detrimental to their side. Mr. Gledman said to himself, "He was not there, what does he know?"

After the witness was duly sworn, the prosecuting attorney says to him: "Will you tell the court what you know and what you saw pertaining to this case?"

Mr. Snyder began: "When John Gledman and Joe Brock came behind the saloon the night before the attempted murder I happened to be there doing Mr. Stuvel's chores. The manner in which they were approaching made me suspicious that there was some mischief to be concocted, especially as Joe Brock was one of the two. I had known Joe long enough to understand his moves pretty well. There was an old barrel lying on its side. I crawled in that to overhear what the mischief was going to be. They came into the shed where I was and looked all around to see if any one was near, but failed to look in the old barrel. After they had looked around and were satisfied that no one was near to hear what they said they sat down on an old box near where I was in the barrel. I heard John Gledman make the proposition to Joe Brock to make away with George Stockworth as he was a perfect nuisance to him and wanted him out of the way. I heard him offer Joe

Brock two hundred and fifty dollars to do the job, and I heard Joe Brock accept the offer. They sat there and talked for a long time, at least it seemed long to me, cramped up in that barrel. They arranged that the deed should be done on the Stanford Pike, on the way to his own home. When they got up to go I heard John Gledman say to Joe Brock: 'Here are fifty dollars towards the two hundred and fifty; when the work is done the balance will be ready for you. Perhaps I will meet you on the spot if I know when to come. Oh, by the way, I happen to know that he is going over to see Helen at her home to-morrow evening. Try him about half past nine o'clock to-morrow night.' Joe replied: 'All right, John, I'll be there. Meet me at the Crossing at nine-fifteen. I'll let you know. I'll go over though about eight o'clock, so as to be on hand for fear he might come along earlier.'

"After they left I crawled out of my hiding place. I believed then that John was trying to work some joke on Joe, and that there was no intention on John's part of killing George. But I thought I would see the fun through, so the next night a little before eight o'clock I went secretly to the Crossing where they were to meet. When I reached there I hid myself among the bushes that I might observe what took place. In a little while Joe came and sat near me, in fact, too near me for comfort, for I could scarcely stir for fear of being heard. About nine o'clock, or a little after, John came near, gave a shrill whistle to determine the whereabouts of Joe,

and on being answered by Joe, joined him at the spot where I lay.

"I heard Joe explain to John how he would kill George; he would step up behind him as he was passing through a dark place and sand bag him, and if that did not finish him he would hit him with a club which he had in his hands. John said, 'Now don't make any mistake about it, for he has been in my way for a long time, and I want him out. Let's go to that dark place at once, for he is likely to come along now at any time and we want to be ready for him.' Joe said that the place was only a few rods away, so he led and John followed.

"I began to think there wasn't any joke about it, but it was to be a real murder, so after watching carefully to see where they stopped, I crawled out of my hiding place very carefully that I might not attract attention and hastened with all my might back to town to meet George if I could to warn him against his dangers; or if I could not meet him to get some help to stop the crime. I thought first of making myself known to them and thus stop it; but a second thought told me that would not do with such a desperate character as Joe Brock, for if I should make myself known there would be two murders instead of one, hence I hastened to town with the double purpose. I did not meet George Stockworth on the way, therefore I thought he had not yet left Mrs. Hendman's and so I should have time enough to reach the sheriff's office and return before George could get along. In this way I should be able to stop the intended murder. I had some

trouble in finding the sheriff, as he was out of his office. At last I found him in the mayor's office. I hurriedly related the circumstances as the reader knows them. He, with the deputies, followed me at once to the spot, but when we reached the place all was quiet. At first we did not see any evidence of crime and began to think it was all a joke after all I had said, or we had frightened them away on our approach, George having not yet come along. It was now about eleven o'clock, and just as we were about to give up the search as a failure, the deputy sheriff found the sand bag about three rods away from the spot which I had designated as the place selected. The finding of this sand bag was no evidence of any crime, of course, for they might simply have thrown it away when they left, but it started our search afresh. After some time I found a club. The sheriff, on examining it found blood and human hair on it. This, then, was proof that something had been done, so we began our hunt with renewed vigor. After about one-half hour's longer search we found the body covered with leaves and brush in a clump of bushes about ten rods back from the street. We thought he was dead of course and sent for the coroner to take charge of the body. His skull was broken as Joe Brock said he would break it. When the coroner came he found slight evidences of life and took him to his mother's home."

This testimony of Mr. Snyder dumbfounded Mr. Gledman and his attorneys. They were not looking for such evidence. The lawyers for the defense cross-question Mr. Snyder and try in every possible

way to break his testimony, but he is unswerving all the way through and does not vary from his original statements.

Then the State rests its case and the Defense is called. Mr. Gledman and his attorneys had planned to refute only Joe Brock's dying testimony, supposing that would be all the evidence which the prosecution would offer. They had planned for witnesses to show that Joe Brock was a despicable character, that for some cause he had undertaken to kill George Stockworth, and then when he saw he had to die, he had tried to lay it on some one else, so selected John Gledman. They had thought they could make this evidence, in itself weak, appear strong, but after the evidence of Mr. Snyder was heard, their evidence seemed especially weak to themselves. Notwithstanding this is the case, they proceed to introduce it, as it is the best they have.

They introduce three witnesses to prove Joe Brock to be disreputable, and these testify that in their opinion he tried to incriminate John Gledman through malice.

By the decision of the court the second part of the testimony was simply opinion and could not be counted as evidence, hence must be thrown out.

The defense tried with two witnesses to throw discredit on the testimony of Mr. Snyder, but they were not successful.

Here the defense rested and the two attorneys summed up their respective arguments, and turned the case over to the justice for his decision. After

a few moments of deliberation he decided that John Gledman be held to await the action of the grand jury, on the charge of being accessory to the attempted murder of George Stockworth, that he be admitted to bail in the sum of five thousand dollars.

His father secured bail at once and John was released.

The grand jury does not sit for two weeks, so John has an opportunity to work around among new and old acquaintances to renew his old friendships and secure new ones if possible. In some cases he meets trouble, but in the majority of cases he is soon received. Although Mr. Gledman is a wealthy man and has been prominent in social circles and because of this fact John, as his son, has been able to hold himself in society, yet after the trial there were those that shunned the Gledmans, especially John. This was particularly true among certain young people. But with a plentiful supply of money, he is fast winning his way back into the good graces of a large number. He is particularly gifted with a winning way and he is using this gift to its greatest advantage. Only two days have passed since his release on bail and Miss Gladys Tomas is spreading her charms to entrap him if possible, for she hears there is not the former relationship between him and Grace Stenwick. Other young people too are beginning to court his attentions.

CHAPTER XLI

THE JOINT INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

Senator Stenwick has not forgotten his promise to the miners to institute an investigation into the charges against George Stockworth and Wilfred Glenn. At a meeting of the directors on Wednesday a committee was appointed to act with a similar committee appointed by the Union to prosecute this investigation, the committee beginning their sittings on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock and continuing their sittings from night to night till a full conclusion should be reached.

At the first meeting the committee simply organize by electing Mr. Stenwick chairman, although he was not a member of either committee, so as to have an odd number for the committee, and gave him the power of voting in case of a tie. They elected Perry Jones, a member of the miners' committee, secretary. The committee then adjourned till 7 o'clock Friday evening, as there did not seem to be any business at present ready for the committee.

CHAPTER XLII

THE DECLARATION

On the same Thursday evening, the Thursday evening following the trial on Tuesday, John has he thinks so far recovered his former prestige that he dare plan to call on Grace Stenwick, that he may ascertain what relationship he sustains to her. He had not seen her since the trial, hence he has no way of knowing how she will receive him. But he determines to go.

Before we can go with him to the Stenwick home we must make a visit, after three days of absence, to the Stockworth home to see what has been and is going on there.

After that eventful Sunday night when Helen spent those ever-to-be-remembered six hours over George and virtually brought the dead to life, he had been gradually improving. The wound in his skull was slowly improving, as rapidly perhaps, as circumstances would allow. He has fully recovered his consciousness, and is rapidly gaining his strength. Helen has told him how he came to be hurt, and that Joe Brock is captured and is dead; but she has not told him of that part of Joe's confession in which he implicates John Gledman, for fear it might excite him. Grace has made occasional visits to see George, to bring him delicacies and to help in

his care, if there should be need of help. Wilfred Glenn has also been a frequent visitor.

On this Thursday evening Wilfred and Grace happen to meet at the Stockworth home, as such meetings frequently take place; but they have not met since Monday evening when he told her that John Gledman was implicated in the attempted murder of George. They both know, and so does Helen, of the trial and its results.

While Mrs. Stockworth is in the room with George, and the others are in another room, these three, Wilfred, Grace, and Helen, have a very earnest talk about what has happened.

Helen said to Grace, "As we look back at those days when John met with us, can you see any evidences of the character which has come to light in the last few days?"

"I am not sure, Helen, that I can name very many specific things that he did and yet I know of a few. My first clear feeling of revulsion to his character, and yet I never was strongly attached to him, came when he told me, or practically did so, that he had planned the discharge of George from the mine."

"Did he do that, too!" asked Helen. "I did not know that before."

"Don't you think, Grace," asked Wilfred, "that in justice to George, that fact ought to be brought out in the investigation which is now being made by the committee?"

"Perhaps it ought," says Grace, "but I have never told any one till now except you, Wilfred.

I should not like to appear before the committee."

"I think that can be arranged," says Wilfred, "provided you do not object to giving the evidence on John's account."

"I told you, Wilfred, the other night that John Gledman is nothing to me, and the more so now since the trial. I hear, however, that he is trying to work himself into the good graces of the people, and it looks as though he is succeeding with some. It would not surprise me if his case would never come before the grand jury. His father's money and influence will go a long way towards keeping it out of court. You know money and influence tell in these times."

"It seems to me that if I should give my testimony to the committee, it ought to clear George from the charge of disobedience and hence be the means of reinstating him as soon as he is well enough to return to work. Wouldn't that be lovely, Helen, for George to get back all right?" Then you and he could be so happy in your little home. You wouldn't forget me, a poor, forlorn creature with no one to love, would you, Helen?"

"Indeed, I should not. When I think of last Sunday night when George was scarcely alive and then of the picture which you have just drawn so vividly before me, of George free from disgrace and in a happy home with me, the contrast is almost too great and the transition too sudden. I can scarcely realize that it can be possible."

"I am sure," says Wilfred. "that Grace joins with me in hoping in your and George's behalf, that

it may come true. Helen, what do you think about Grace's remark, calling herself a poor forlorn creature with no one to love? I do not think she is or need be in such a plight, as not to have any one to love. I think she has a large number to love her. What do you think, Helen?"

"I am sure there are many to love her. I am sure I am one, and I believe she loves me."

"Of course I do, you dear Helen. It is time I should be going home, Wilfred. May I make use of you to attend me? You see I am presuming upon your kindness."

"Nothing could please me better, Grace, than to be of service to you as I am able."

When they were on their way, Wilfred said, "Grace, you remember you said this evening you would be willing to testify to John's plotting against George, provided you did not have to appear before the committee?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Would you be willing to present your testimony in writing and let some one take it to the committee, or would you prefer to give your statement to a member of the committee and let him present it to the whole committee?"

"I should rather do the latter," said Grace, "if it will do as well."

I think I can bring it about for you to give your testimony as you prefer. I think, too, as you have suggested, and as I have thought, that this investigation is in some way going to show my innocency of the charge against me. I did not steal that pock-

etbook; if they know so well that I did, why don't they have me arrested for stealing?"

"Wilfred, let me repeat to you that I believe you are innocent of the crime they charge against you. If I did not believe this, I should not be in your company as I am at this time, and as I have been so many times of late. During these days of association and deep experience, I have learned to honor and respect you. I have learned to trust you."

"You remember, Grace, when you made statements similar to these once before, that I said I would not take advantage of them, and you said I could use them as I pleased?"

"Yes, Wilfred, I remember it."

"Until that moment, Grace, it had scarcely dawned upon me that there could be any other relation between us than that of mutual friendship; but that one remark of yours seemed to me to take away the barrier between us and to permit me to stand on a level beside you. I am fully aware that according to a very common notion there is a great difference between your social standing and mine. You are a lady of wealth and refinement; while I am only a laborer."

"Wait one moment, will you, please, Wilfred? Has my conduct with you or in your presence been of that nature that you would suppose that I count money the basis of the man instead of character? What can my disposition of John Gledman mean? He has money, but I have found out to my satisfaction that he lacks manhood. As soon as I found out that fact I had no use for him as a lover, as I have

told you twice before. My father is wealthy, and I am his only child; why should I prefer money to manhood in a lover? But even if my father were poor, I would scorn a man without manhood in comparison with a man of honor and integrity."

"It pleases me, Grace, to hear these statements from you; they are not said and meant by every young lady of wealth. I shall not be so presuming upon my own worth as to think that they mean anything to me; for to the outside world there hangs a stigma over my life."

"Do I need to tell you a fourth time, Wilfred, that in my eyes you stand guiltless of that crime?"

"Those words do me so much good. And now may I call your attention to that other remark of yours that I could use these, your words, as I chose? And may I?"

"I have no reason to take back what I said."

"May I say to you, Grace, that I love you?"

"You may if you choose and it is true. I have no wish to hinder you in such a statement, I assure you."

"Then I do love you, Grace. I have loved you for some time, but it was only recently that I became conscious that you could, or possibly would, reciprocate that love."

"I am pleased, and you do not know how pleased, to know that you love me, Wilfred; for nothing is more acceptable to a true woman's heart and thought than to know that she is loved by some noble man. That is one of the chief characteristics of a woman to desire to be loved by a true, manly heart. I am

sure I wish you to realize that I appreciate this expression of your feelings towards me."

"But, Grace, do you, can you, love me in return?"

"Why do you not wait, Wilfred, for me to express myself of my own accord, just as I waited for you till you felt free to express yourself?" Must the woman be forever the one to love and wait in silence till the man chooses to express himself? You know that we have been contending for an equality between the Company and the Union or between Capital and Labor, and it seems that we have almost won the victory; there is still another conflict being waged and that is in the social circle, between the social standing of persons of wealth and those of labor, and it looks as though that might be near a solution; and now do you, who have been my aid in winning two other victories, force a struggle between us too—a struggle between the sexes?"

"I see your point, Grace. You are contending that the woman should stand on a plane perfectly level with that of the man. In this there shall be no conflict between us. I concede to you, a woman, the right to declare your love when you please, as I waited till I pleased to declare mine. If I wish that you and I, woman and man, may stand on the same plane, and if I wish to have the privilege of asking you if you love me, then I must grant to you the privilege of asking me if I love you."

"That is just the point. On that ground and on that alone I can grant you the privilege of asking me if I love you after you have declared your love

for me. I shall reply to your declaration of love for me either for or against you to-morrow evening, if—"

Just at that moment there is a crack of a revolver.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE FATAL SHOT

As was said in the opening of the previous chapter, John had made up his mind to visit Grace this Thursday evening that he might win his way, if possible, back into her favor as he had done during the past two days with so many others. To carry this determination into effect, he arranges his toilet in a way best to please Grace and then sets out for the Stenwick home.

On arriving there and asking for Grace, he is informed she is not at home, that she has gone over to Mrs. Stockworth's to see Helen. This does not please John, of course, so he excuses himself and leaves. He fears that Grace will meet Wilfred at the Stockworths' and that her coming so much in touch with him will produce two bad results: 1st, It will win her away from him. 2d, It will degrade her to be associating with that common laborer. He is determined to break, if possible, all association between them.

With no set purpose in view for the present, he wends his way towards the Stockworth home, thinking what best he can do to accomplish his purpose. His thoughts run as follows: "I was the chief one in getting those two fellows discharged, and in laying out George Stockworth. It is a pity we could not

have finished him while we were about it. The next time we'll see to it that the job is complete before we leave. I think I can get out of this scrape which I am in all right and without much difficulty. Father is pretty shrewd in such matters and he will put a quietus on that grand jury matter. If Will Glenn does not look out he will get in trouble. I'll not stand his being around Grace very much. I may risk some more. Oh, pshaw! what's the harm in killing a dog, anyway?"

While he is walking along thinking such thoughts he hears voices in the near distance ahead of him. He was hoping to meet Grace and Wilfred, if they are actually together. Stepping to one side of the street in the shadow of an old building, he listens till he distinguishes the voices of a male and a female; then, on their coming nearer, he recognizes first Grace's then Wilfred's voice. He is both angry and delighted. He steps a little deeper into the shadow that he may see them but not be seen by them as they pass, then he waits. As they come near Grace is just expressing her honor and respect for Wilfred and John overhears it. He listens to their further conversation as they pass and the last he hears is Wilfred's declaration of love for Grace. This was too much for him. He raves like a mad man. He runs away from them, then changes his mind, creeps behind them near enough to hear Grace say she will reply to him to-morrow evening, when he drew his revolver and fired. His victim falls, while John, excited and beside himself, throws down his revolver and flees away into the darkness.

Grace and Wilfred, seeing a man fall in front of them, and hearing the report of a revolver behind them, look back only to see a man escaping into the dark. They hasten to the man that has fallen to find Nathan Gledman bleeding from a bullet hole in his forehead, evidently dying. They at once raise a cry of alarm and people come rushing to the scene.

Mr. Gledman was taken to his home as quickly as possible, but he died before reaching there.

Among the early arrivals at the scene of the murder was the coroner, who, on enquiring about the source of the shot, was told by Wilfred it was from behind them and in front of Mr. Gledman. The bullet had to pass them to reach Mr. Gledman. On going to the spot located by Wilfred as the place where the murderer stood when he fired the shot a revolver was found containing four cartridges still in it. The bullet probed from the head of Mr. Gledman corresponded in size and make with those taken from the revolver. Detectives are at once put on the trail.

The current belief is that the bullet was intended for Wilfred Glenn, but the murderer missed his aim and hit Mr. Gledman instead.

CHAPTER XLIV

IN THE TOILS THE SECOND TIME

The investigation into the charges against George Stockworth and Wilfred Glenn are suspended till Monday, out of deference to the death and funeral of Nathan Gledman, a prominent member of the Company.

The funeral was held on Sunday following the fatal shot. There was a large array of flowers presented by relatives and personal friends. The funeral service was held at the Gledman palatial residence and attended by a large company of the social select of Merfield, for he had many admirers in that class. The oration was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Mace, pastor of his church. The oration is said to have been masterful in eloquence and in eulogy of Mr. Gledman. It was published in full in Monday's Daily Times. Mr. Gledman was a large stockholder in the company which published this paper. In the same issue of this paper there was a long and glowing account of his successful career in life.

On Monday morning after the funeral, Mr. Jacobs again appears at the Gledman home. John answers the door bell. On seeing the sheriff he says: "Do you want me?" Upon receiving an affirmative answer he says: "I will go, but let me bid mother good-bye."

"All right," said the sheriff.

John went into the room and, throwing his arms around his mother's neck, said: "Mother, the sheriff is here to take me again."

"Oh, John! what have you done now?"

"Oh, mother! mother! I killed father. I did not mean to do it. Can you forgive your wicked son?"

"My boy! Oh, my boy! Did you kill your father? Oh! don't tell me that. I cannot stand so much sorrow at once. It will kill me, John: it will kill me!"

"The sheriff is waiting for me, mother, and I must go."

"Oh, John, my boy! must you be torn from me, and I be left alone? I cannot let you go. You are all I have left."

At this moment the sheriff looked in at the door and summoned John.

"Mother, come to me at the jail as soon as you can. I have more to say to you. Good-bye, mother till you see me at the jail."

So saying, he left his mother to attend to the summons of the sheriff the second time, and a second time he was locked in a cell of the jail.

It appears that as early as Friday, the next day after the shooting, the detectives had traced the murder to John Gledman, and in order not to disturb the funeral of Mr. Gledman had simply kept their eye on John till Monday morning, at which time they arrested him.

The sorrow that came to Mrs. Gledman at this time is past description. The death of her husband was

crushing enough, but to learn from her only son's own lips that he was the one who had killed his father was seemingly more than she could endure. She is in deep sorrow over the death of her husband and the worse than death of her son

CHAPTER XLV

THE CONFESSION

On Monday evening the combined investigating committee met again.

During the time since the meeting of the committee Thursday evening and since the attempted murder of George Stockworth, a conviction has come to Jake Strong that he has been doing a great wrong against George Stockworth. This conviction has settled upon him for two reasons: 1st, Because of sympathy for George in his suffering. 2d, Because the influence of John Gledman is broken on account of his two arrests for murders.

Accordingly he appears before the committee on this Monday night and confesses that under the suggestion, influence, and almost force, of John Gledman he assigned George Stockworth those difficult jobs with a purpose to find fault with him in order to have some pretext for discharging him, that John Gledman gave him as the reason for insisting on his discharge that he wished to get rid of his being at Senator Stenwick's to see Helen Hendman when he was there to see Grace; that she was sure to have Helen and George in the same room with them; and that he did not like to associate on so friendly terms and on so nearly a social level with ordinary working people like Helen Hendman and George Stockworth.

These statements created a commotion in the committee among the Company members who wondered what would come out next about John Gledman. To strengthen this testimony, Perry Jones then read the statement from Grace Stenwick, that John Gledman admitted to her that he had plotted for the discharge of George Stockworth.

It seemed incredible that John Gledman could be guilty of so much wickedness, and yet this is a slight offense in comparison with the attack on George Stockworth or his shooting of his own father.

These statements created joy among the Union members of the committee, for surely now George will be declared free from the charge of disobedience and be restored to his former position in the mine.

Jerry Jackson therefore moved that, because of the acknowledgment of his pit boss, Jake Strong, and John Gledman's own confession to Grace Stenwick, it is hereby declared that George Stockworth has been unjustly accused of disobedience to the orders of his superiors and has been unjustly discharged; the same George Stockworth be and is hereby declared free from any charge of disobedience and be restored to his former place in the mine; that he be allowed regular day wages for every work day since he was discharged till he shall be able to resume work.

This resolution was seconded by one of the Company members and was carried unanimously.

The committee then adjourned for the evening.

CHAPTER XLVI

A BRIGHTER VISION

The news of the action of the committee reaches Mrs. Stockworth's late that evening through their faithful friend, Wilfred Glenn. There was rejoicing in that household of course. It was decided that George was strong enough to receive news as good as that. He received the news with such joy that it proved to be a great help as well as an encouragement to him.

George asks that he may be alone with Helen for a few moments. When the others are out of the room, he says: "Helen, this is the brightest hour I have seen since I was so cruelly discharged. No; let me take back that word 'cruelly,' for Jake was always so good to me, except for those three or four days. I could not understand why he had changed so completely; but now I understand and he is the same old Jake to me.

"What I desire most to say is—"

Just then there is a rap at the door and his mother says: "There is some one out here that very much desires to see you this evening. Will you let him in?"

"Yes," says George.

The door opens and in walks his former pit boss, Jake Strong.

"Why, how do you do, Jake?" says George. "I am glad to see you. Helen and I were just now talking about you."

"George, I cannot talk about anything else to you till I have asked your forgiveness for the way I treated you in the mine."

"That is all right now, Jake. I told Helen just before you came in that I could not understand why you treated me the way you did treat me, but now I understand and now you are the same old Jake to me."

"Thank you, George, and be assured you shall never again have occasion to call in question my treatment of you. I suppose you have heard what I did before the committee, and what action they took regarding you.

"Yes," said George, "and of course I was much pleased to receive such word."

"And now I have come to seek your forgiveness for my treatment of you."

"You have it, Jake, with all my heart."

"I have done the best I can, George, to make right the wrong which I committed. I know I can never make it entirely right; but I have done the best I know how to do. I am glad to see you getting along so well. That was a dastardly attack Joe Brock made on you. In his dying moments you know he claimed that John Gledman hired him to kill you. I think it is true, judging from the way he got at me."

"No, Jake, I did not know that. No one had told me that John hired Joe Brock to kill me. What did John mean? I never did him any harm."

"John Gledman has turned out to be a very bad man. None of us knew him in his true nature. I think I wish him no harm when I wish that he may get his just deserts. I must go, for I have an errand I must do at once. Good-bye, George."

"Come again, Jake, and good-bye."

"Yes, I will. I can have the courage to come now, but I did not have before, as you may well know, till I tried to make things all right with you."

"Don't mention that any more, Jake. Let it be forgotten. You are now my same kind pit boss as before; and as soon as I am able, I shall be back with you ready for work again."

"Thank you, George, and now good-night."

"Good-night, Jake."

After Jake Strong had left Helen told George that she was fearful that the news that John Gledman was the cause of Joe Brock's attack on him would excite him.

"No, no," says George. "The effect of Jake Strong's sweet spirit, and the consciousness that he is still my old friend more than make up for any bad effect that might come from the news of John's bad deed. No, Helen, I feel much better and stronger than before Jake came. His visit has done me much good and I am glad he came. Of course I am surprised that John Gledman could do such a deed, to employ some one to kill me when I had never done him any harm; but I am thankful I am alive, that the disgrace of a discharge is wiped from off my reputation, and that my position is restored to me again."

"You remember, Helen, that I was going to say something when mother rapped at the door and said there was some one out there that wanted to see me."

"Yes, I remember."

"It was this: The night I left you at your house, the night I was hurt, I felt that we must postpone our wedding, because I had lost my job. You remember you would not listen to it. You said: 'It will all come out right in some way.' You dear, good angel, it is coming out all right. Don't you see it is?"

"Of course it is," says Helen.

And tears of joy ran down her cheeks.

"Just think how discouraging everything was only a few days ago. You were discharged, you were so badly hurt that we almost despaired of your getting well; but now how changed and hopeful everything is, you do not have any discharge hanging over you, you have your former position and are almost well."

"Do you think, Helen, that I shall be well enough to have our wedding on the day appointed, so that we shall not have to postpone it?"

"Of course you will be well enough. We will have our wedding on that day, if we have to have it in this room and you in that bed."

"I think, George, we have had a happy time tonight, but you need some rest, so I am going to make believe that you are my little boy and tell you to go to sleep."

"Play the full mother then, dear mother Helen."

Helen caught the point, and imprinted a kiss of more than motherly love if possible on his expectant lips.

George is soon asleep. While Helen sits by his bedside watching with an ever faithful and loving eye for any move of her patient, let us visit in another part of Merfield one whom we know to be in a very different condition of mind.

CHAPTER XLVII

A SCENE IN THE JAIL

The news of the confession of Jake Strong before the committee that John Gledman was really guilty of forcing him to discharge George Stockworth reached Mrs. Gledman about nine o'clock of the same Monday evening. She could not bear it any longer. She must see John. She had thought she would wait till morning and then go over to see him to hear his side of the story, but this additional charge against him, although small as compared with the others, is what changes her mind and causes her to desire to see him to-night.

"He must have something to say to me that will soften the rough exterior that presents itself to me now. I must hear to-night what he says about all of these charges, especially how he came to kill his father. I cannot sleep till I have seen and talked to him."

The shock of John's arrest so immediately after the funeral of her husband had so prostrated her that her friends had persuaded her not to go to the jail till morning, but this new charge aroused her anew and made her determined to go at once.

She, accompanied by her sister, makes her way over to the jail, and requests of the sheriff that she may see her son.

The sheriff, out of kindness of heart and sympathy for the mother, almost broken-hearted, admits her into the cell of her son, although it is so late.

Here in the cell the son unbosoms himself to his mother—how he had plotted against George Stockworth to secure his discharge, and then tried to have him killed that he might be rid of him as a hindrance in courting Grace; how he had seen Wilfred Glenn with Grace several times till he had become jealous of him; how to get rid of Glenn he had hired Clarence Lathrope to testify that he saw him take the pit boss' pocketbook from his coat pocket; and how, on seeing Grace with Wilfred Glenn again after getting him discharged, he could endure it no longer and had shot at him to kill him but had killed his own father instead.

"Mother, I suppose I am wicked. I suppose I am very wicked, but I did it all to win Grace. I did not like to be associated with people that labor, coarse, uncultured people, and I disliked to have Grace associate with that common, coarse laborer, Wilfred Glenn. I did not mean to kill father, believe me, mother, but I did intend to kill Wilfred Glenn. I suppose they will hang me. I suppose I am guilty of murder. I have made up my mind to make a confession of the whole from beginning to end, and suffer the consequences, the punishment due for my crimes."

"My boy, you have almost broken my heart. You have deprived me of a husband and yourself a father, and now will you take away my son also? Must I be left alone in sorrow and in sadness? I

would willingly give my life, what is left of it, for you, John, if that would clear your life of these black spots."

"You can't do it, mother. That's just like you, I know. You were always too indulgent with your son."

At this moment there is a rap at the cell door by the sheriff, who tells Mrs. Gledman that it is time he must close for the night.

She kissed her boy and bade him good-bye.

And he said: "Good-bye, mother. Come to-morrow again if you can. Good-bye."

"Yes, son. Good-bye."

Thus mother and son are torn asunder to meet again—when?

How different this scene from the one at the Stockworth home, between Helen and George. In the one was gloom and sorrow and darkness with no hope for the future; in the other was brightness and joy and light with abundant hope for the future—one the product of sin, the other of right.

CHAPTER XLVIII

A SCENE IN THE MINE

During the night of Monday after the adjournment of the investigating committee and the morning of Tuesday, the word that the pit boss had confessed that he had unjustly charged George Stockworth and that George had been pronounced innocent of the charge of disobedience and had been restored to his former position in the mine, had been freely circulated among the miners.

When Jake, the pit boss, appeared among the miners on this Tuesday morning, his hand was shaken by each miner, and he was congratulated that he had the manhood to clear George and restore him to the mine. The miners, of course, laid the most of the blame upon John Gledman, for he was not very popular with them; but Jake said: "No, boys, I am largely at fault, for I had no business to be led into wrong-doing by any one, especially by a young man. I should not thus have encouraged him in his wrong-doing. I wish to say to all of you, boys, that I am sorry I treated one of your number in that way."

Some one proposed a vote of good will to the pit boss and the pit rang with the vote; then some one proposed a wish for the speedy recovery of George Stockworth and his return to the mine; again the pit echoed and re-echoed with the cheers.

"Thank you," said Jake. "Now let us go to our work with greater zeal for this good time."

"Hold on, Boss, may I say a word?" asked Clarence Lathrope.

"Certainly you may," replied the boss.

"When word same to me early this morning at my home that our Jake had confessed to the committee his part in the discharge of George Stockworth, my manhood also asserted itself, and I made up my mind that I, too, had a confession to make to the committee. I determined that I should go before the investigating committee this very day and tell them my guilt. Inasmuch as the pit boss has set us the example of expressing our sorrow for our offense here before our fellow-miners, I wish to express to you my sorrow for what I did to secure the discharge of our good and faithful assistant pit boss, Will Glenn. I wish to say here and now that I did *not* see him steal your pocketbook, Boss Strong, but I said it because John Gledman gave me fifty dollars to say it; and Grant Worthington will vouch for the truth of what I am saying."

"Is that possible, Clarence?" asked the pit boss.

"It is," replied Clarence.

"And do you vouch for the truth of it, Grant?"

"Indeed, I do," said Grant.

"Well, well! Who would have thought it?"

Then Clarence continued: "I expect this evening, after work is over, to return the fifty dollars to Mrs. Gledman and then at seven o'clock to make my confession to the investigating committee. I trust they

will restore our assistant to his former position with us."

"So do we all," came from many voices.

"Fore we go to our jobs, I want to say," spoke up Grant Worthington, "that I shall be glad to go with Clarence to prove his word 'bout John and the fifty dollars, for I held the money for John till the testimony was given and then handed it over to Clarence; and I wish to prove beyond a doubt that Will did *not* take the pocketbook by restorin' it to you at this time with all its contents, 'cept five dollars, and that, Boss Strong, shall be returned to you immediately after our next pay day, if you will trust me till that time. Here, Pit Boss, is your pocketbook. I am the one that took it, and Will Glenn is not. I am sorry that I did it. I can do no more than I've now done only to repay the five dollars which I've spent, and prove to you by my future life that I shall not do so any more."

"I am glad, of course, to get my pocketbook back again, for it was a gift from a dear friend of mine; but I am sure I rejoice more, Grant, that you have found the honesty of purpose in your heart to confess your fault and resolve to do better. We shall all be glad, I feel sure, to have Wilfred and George with us again. If my confessing of my fault had anything to do with your confessing yours, I am doubly happy that I confessed mine. Let me say, Grant, I shall gladly trust you for the five dollars."

"This has been a profitable morning for us, more so, I am satisfied, than as though we had been at work this half hour digging coal. If there are no

other confessions to make we will go to our work, feeling much better, I am sure, than we have felt for several days."

That evening, true to their word, Clarence Lathrope and Grant Worthington appeared before the investigating committee and made their statements as the reader already knows them.

After hearing these confessions, it took but a short time for the committee to declare Wilfred Glenn innocent of the charge of stealing and to restore him to his former position of assistant pit boss. After a pledge from Grant Worthington that his conduct in the future should be straight and above reproach, he was allowed to continue his job. The committee also declared that inasmuch as Jake Strong and Clarence Lathrope had made their wrongs right as far as they could, and inasmuch as they had been as much sinned against by John Gledman as they had sinned, they be allowed to continue in their places as though nothing had happened.

The committee, having completed the entire work assigned to it by the Union and the Company, adjourned *sine die.*

CHAPTER XLIX

THE DARKNESS COMES

While these events are transpiring in the committee room, an entirely different scene is being acted in the jail.

After Mrs. Gledman's visit to her son's cell in the jail Monday night, she passed a restless and sleepless night. In the morning her sister found her prostrated through grief and lack of sleep, so that she was confined to her bed all day Tuesday, consequently she could not visit her son at the jail.

John is left to himself in the jail cell the greater part of the day, only as food is brought to him. He is thus almost forced, by conditions, to think of his past life and to take a look into the immediate future. In both directions the view is dark and almost black. He sees some bright spots in the far past, but no light for the future. He cannot bear the sight.

As the day wears on and no human heart comes to cheer him, he turns from the sight of his standing before the court and confessing his guilt of murdering two of his fellow-men as he had determined to do, and from the sight of his hanging on the gallows or of spending the remainder of his life behind prison doors; he turns from these sights as too repulsive

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THIS TELLS THE TALE—PAGE 255

to look upon. He finally concludes he cannot confess, then he *will* not confess.

As the day begins to draw near its close, he says: "What can I do, if I do not confess. I must decide on something, for the trial comes on to-morrow. I have no one to defend me, no one even to look after my case. My best and only defender is gone. I killed him. What shall I do?"

Just as night is casting its darkening shadows over the earth indicative of darkening shadows passing over the lives of men, the eyes of John Gledman are growing dim. Alone in his cell with no one near save a single angel spirit to carry his spirit to some unknown somewhere, the life-blood of John Gledman is gushing out of a severed artery in his left arm. There is a little penknife, which the sheriff overlooked when he searched his pockets, lying on the floor of his cell. This tells the tale.

A life which might have been a useful one has gone out in its early years. Who shall say how much of the blame must be attached to his too indulgent parents, how much to the conditions of society and how much to himself?

In a few moments after the blood had ceased to flow and the angel had gone with his spirit, an attendant appeared with his supper. On not hearing any noise he looked in the cell and saw a pool of blood on the floor and a body on the bed. He stepped to the bedside and felt for the pulse, but he could not find any, however, the body was still warm. He at once gives the alarm. The sheriff comes and then the coroner who holds an inquest and gives as his

decision that John Gledman came to his death by his own hand.

The news was, of course, quickly carried to his mother. In her already enfeebled condition the stroke was too much for her and she swooned. Her sister and attendant friends worked over her to bring her to consciousness again, but they failed. In the dim dawn of the morning those present knew her spirit had fled to meet husband and son.

Thus went out this entire family whose efforts had been to crush and enslave the laborer.

CHAPTER L

THE FINAL PLAN

The next morning a gloom seemed to rest on Merfield. The sky was cloudy, the sun was darkened, the rain was falling and everything seemed gloomy and sad, indicative of the two saddened lives lying in death in the Gledman house; but towards noon the clouds disappear, the sun shines bright, and everything seems to be joyous and happy, indicative of the passing away of the darkening hand and the coming of the light-giving.

That morning Wilfred Glenn had taken his accustomed place in the mine, and was greeted with the loud cheers of his men, in which cheers no man joined more heartily than Clarence Lathrope.

"Will," said Grant Worthington, "when do you think George will be able to get back with us?"

"It will be some time yet, I suppose. It takes his head a long time to heal."

"It has just dawned upon me," said Clarence Lathrope, "what has become of the two that tried to kill him—both have been killed by violent hands as they tried to kill him."

In the afternoon as Wilfred came from the mine, he received an invitation from Grace to take tea with her and spend the evening. Of course he accepted the invitation with pleasure.

On his arrival at her home Grace received him very cordially and presented him to her mother. In a short time Mr. Stenwick came in and Grace excused herself for a few moments. The two men, being left to themselves, engaged in a very friendly conversation over the condition of the mine and the happy outcome of the investigating committee.

"Mr. Stenwick, I feel that I owe it largely to your efforts and to your influence that I was freed from the charge of theft."

"Attribute more, Mr. Glenn, to the efforts of my daughter than to my efforts. It is through her talks to me that I have come more clearly to understand that Labor and Capital are co-equal partners in business, and that neither should seek to enslave the other. Having obtained this idea through her I very soon saw that the Company did not take the right position towards the Union, hence I sought to change this position. It is sad, of course, when we think of the violent deaths of Nathan Gledman and his son. I mean no disrespect when I say I believe there is to be a closer fellowship, a closer union, between Company and Union from this time onward.

"Grace has something to say to you, I think, after supper. Sometime in the near future I hope to have the opportunity to say more to you on these points."

At this point Grace announces supper and the two men go out together. The supper is a common one, without special style or elegance, but just suited to the persons about to partake of it. During the meal the conversation is on different topics—one the preparation for the double funeral on the morrow at

high noon. The Gledman house is being heavily draped in mourning. Large bouquets, models and designs of flowers are already arriving. It is announced that the funeral will be private, none but near relatives to attend, on account of the manner of John's death.

After supper Mr. and Mrs. Stenwick tell Grace that she and Mr. Glenn may be excused and repair to the parlor if they choose. They of course choose to be by themselves. After they are seated in the parlor Grace opens the conversation by saying: "I have invited you here to-night, Wilfred, that we may, perhaps, come to a better understanding of our relationship and feelings towards each other than when we were so suddenly interrupted the other evening. I was fearful you might get the idea, from the way in which I responded to you when you declared your love for me, that I was too matter-of-fact or at least too formal in a case which is so directly connected with the affections. I thought of it then and I think of it now very seriously; but from my standpoint the question of love and marriage should be settled upon only after careful consideration. Love is a something of growth and not purely of impulse. Impulse may be the starting point of love, but love is more, it is the outgrowth.

"You asked me whether I loved you. I knew then and I know now, but I did not reply at that time because I desired to know some things which were in doubt in my mind. We are freer to talk to-night than when we met before. The man who might have seemed to be between us is gone. You

are declared innocent of the crime charged against you and stand clear before the world. The op pressive load was removed from the laborer's back when that family died. You and yours are free, seemingly, as I am free. We are on equal ground. I do not see any social or commercial barrier between us. You say you love me. If you really do love me, and I can judge of your truthfulness only as I have unbounded confidence in your manhood which I do have; and if I should say that I love you and really mean it; and you could judge of its truthfulness only by your unbounded confidence in my womanhood; then there would remain only three points to be carried out: 1st, for me to say that I love you and really mean it, which I now say and mean. 2d, to determine whether you believe that statement or not. I wait your reply."

"I certainly do believe you, Grace, for I have unbounded confidence in your womanhood."

"The third point," continued Grace, "is the confirmation of the tie, public and private. The public confirmation may be made at our pleasure; the private we can make now if you choose."

Reading the purport of her last words, Wilfred takes her right hand in his and imprints the betrothal kiss upon her responsive lips.

"In this union of our lives," said Grace, "I desire to have represented the union of Capital and Labor. I desire to have our lives given to the full consummation of this much-desired end.

"Father understands what may be done between us here to-night, and his consent is given before you

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ask it. He may ask you to enter the Company, but that would not be according to my wish. It seems to me that the best results can be reached by your remaining where you are—in the mine. Speak your mind, Wilfred."

"It seems to me that all our efforts would be lost, or nearly so, if I should leave the miners and join myself with the Company, except on this basis, that miners and company become so completely intermingled that there would be no difference; then there would be no Union to leave and no Company to join."

"That, let us hope," said Grace, "will be the condition in the near future."

For the present, it seems to me that you, Grace, represent the Company and I the Union. We have formed a union of the two and we are to weld the two into one. As husband and wife form one, so shall Union and Company form one in this coal mine."

"Shall we go to father and mother now and tell them what we have done?"

"Not yet, Grace; we have left one point unsettled."

"What is that?" said Grace.

"We have not named the day for the public confirmation. How soon shall it be? Make the day an early one."

"Let us talk to father first. He may have some plan for us that will hasten or delay the day. Let us go out to him, shall we?"

They walk arm in arm out into the dining room

where they had left Mr. and Mrs. Stenwick and take their stand before Mr. Stenwick.

Wilfred says to him: "Mr. Stenwick, your daughter Grace, and I have each to the other pledged our mutual love. We come to ask you whether you will give your consent that she may become my wife."

"If you and she are satisfied, I don't see that I have much to say about it. I do say, however, that you do have my most hearty approval and my richest blessing."

"Thank you, Mr. Stenwick, soon to be Father Stenwick, I hope."

"Daughter Grace, how soon are you going to make Mr. Glenn my son Wilfred?"

"I do not know, father. We have not yet set the day."

"You know, Grace, that in four weeks I must leave for Washington to be in the senate at the opening. I hope you will have the wedding before that so Mr. Glenn can be here to look after the home while I am gone. And then you will take a little trip, of course, before I go, I suppose, and I should like to have you back from that before I leave. Why not have the wedding soon and have it over? If you are going to get married you might as well have it done at once."

"Oh, papa and Wilfred! A happy idea has come to my mind. George and Helen are to be married one week from next Sunday. Why not have a double wedding and both couples be married at once?—here at our home if George is well enough to get here; if he is not, then at Mrs. Stockworth's.

"Agreed," said Wilfred, and Mr. and Mrs. Stenwick.

"It is not yet late," said Wilfred, "let's take a walk over to Mrs. Stockworth's and see George and Helen about our plans. It may be that they are forming other plans that would conflict with ours."

"I do not think that they are laying many plans, at least plans that would interfere with the double wedding. I feel sure George thinks he will be well enough."

"I think we shall give them a surprise when they learn that we are going to get married, and propose to be married with them."

On their way to Mrs. Stockworth's they planned concerning their wedding trip. Wilfred introduced the subject by saying: "Grace, you remember your father spoke this evening about our taking a wedding trip. Where shall we go?"

"You must remember, Wilfred, that father cannot exactly get over his social idea. Let me suggest two things:—1st, that if we take any trip that it be a short and inexpensive one. 2d, that we consult George and Helen. If they do not take one, and I do not see how they can on George's account, let us not take one. What say you?"

"I am agreed, Grace; for if we are married with them, it certainly would not show good taste on our part to leave them and take a trip when they could not take one."

"I certainly agree with you on that point. Then shall we drop that subject till we consult with George and Helen?"

"Wilfred, you can scarcely realize how happy I am to-night; when I think of the changes that have been made in the last few days. It is only a few days since a young man who has turned out to be a plotter of wickedness against others and a triple murderer, was my accepted lover. How can I be grateful enough that I was spared the fate of being bound to him for life. It brings me sorrow, of course, that he lies dead to-night in his home—dead by his own hand, but sorrow because he proved to be so great a failure in life. In contrast with such a life I am happy to know that I am to be with and live with one whom I regard as the soul of honor and upright character. Another change: only a few days ago the Union was in a fierce struggle with the oppressive side of the Company. That side died when the Gledman family died, and we have now no strife nor partition wall between Company and Union. It seems to me that John Gledman's killing himself is prophetic of what oppressive Capital will always do. It will run riot in crime and wickedness of oppression till it kills itself."

"Do you think, Grace, that the changes are less marked in my life? Only a few days ago I was branded as a thief and was discharged from my work, while now I have been found innocent of the charge and restored to my position. The greatest joy that comes to me to-night is that I am the promised husband of Grace Stenwick, not because she is the daughter of Senator Stenwick, the wealthy mine owner, but because she is Grace Stenwick, a true, noble woman. Still another change: only a few days

ago, I was in fierce conflict with a Company at whose head stands the man who now receives me into his home into his friendship, and into his sonship. These are wondrous changes."

By this time they have reached Mrs. Stockworth's. They find George sitting in a chair and feeling much better and stronger. The events of the last few days have done much to give him courage and strength, especially those pertaining to himself and Wilfred. He thinks he may be able to walk out a little by Sunday.

After they have chatted a little while, especially on the death of Mrs. Gledman and John, and on their funeral on the morrow, Wilfred says: "Do you think, George, that you will be able to have your wedding one week from next Sunday as you are planning?"

"Indeed we will," says George. "Helen and I have set our hearts on that. We have determined to have the wedding on that day if we have to have the ceremony while I am lying in this bed."

"Do you have any idea, George, that you can get out and have the wedding at Helen's home, or do you think you will have it here?"

"I think I shall be able to get to Helen's home. I have been improving so rapidly for the last three or four days that it gives me hopes that I can begin to get around in a very few days."

"What would you and Helen say to having your wedding at Senator Stenwick's? You know, Helen, that is, in one sense, your home now. We have come

here to-night with the invitation. What say you to it?"

"How about that, Helen?" asked George. "What will your mother think about such a proposition?"

"I do not know what mamma would think. We could tell by asking her. I believe I should like the idea. What do you think, George?"

"I feel quite inclined to join with you, provided your mother is perfectly willing."

"I believe she would think it all right, if she could be at Senator Stenwick's home and see you and George made one in happy wedlock and then turn her eyes upon Grace and Wilfred made just as happy in wedlock. Don't you think she would say 'Yes' to that?" asked Wilfred.

"Well! well! well! said Helen. Are you two going to get married? I am so glad. I think you are just fitted for each other. Somehow I have been looking for this, hoping, at least, that you would do it. I know mother will agree to our going over to your house for our wedding under such circumstances. We agree to it, don't we, George?"

"Yes, indeed, if I can get there, and I think I can by that time. I think it will be just fine to have our weddings in that way. Wilfred, let me congratulate you on the prize you have won. I have learned to know something of her value during my sickness."

Grace broke in: "Better congratulate me on the prize I have won."

"I congratulate you both, for I know him too, that he is true honor and integrity. I think we bet-

ter all of us congratulate all the others except Helen. She has won only a broken head."

"Yes," said Helen. "You may have a broken head, but your heart is all right. The head will get well, so congratulate me too."

"George, if you are not able to leave the room and cannot get over to our house, it is understood," said Grace, "that we are to be married here. We can have the ceremony in this room, if necessary. How does that suit you both?"

"All right," said Helen and George. "We shall have a happy time," said Helen. "How things have changed in a few days!"

"With the consent of George," said Wilfred, "I appoint Miss Helen Hendman and Miss Grace Stenwick a committee of arrangements for the great occasion—Sunday, November 10th the day, 12 M the hour, Senator Stenwick's the place. Are all agreed?"

All agree.

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CHAPTER LI

THE CONCLUSION

It is sufficient to say that both weddings took place at Senator Stenwick's as agreed upon; that Grace and Wilfred did not take any wedding trip out of deference for Helen and George; that Senator Stenwick proposed to his son-in-law to enter the Company and act as its president in his absence; that Grace and Wilfred both objected as being in conflict with their ideas of what they aimed to accomplish; that they set for their object in life the complete unification of their two natures, and equally with this the complete unification of the relations between the Company and the Union. With regard to Helen and George it is sufficient to say that George soon completely recovered and returned to his work in the mine, that they moved into a home of their own where they are living happily together when this story closes.

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RETROSPECTIVE

It may be said by the careless reader that too many crimes were put upon the character, John Gledman, but it should be remembered that he represents Oppressive Capital. He who has studied the oppressive side of Capital knows full well that John Gledman is a mild and innocent character as compared with this side of Capital. No attempt has been made to make the crimes natural outgrowths of the association of miners with capitalists—simply cruelty and haughtiness of Oppressive Capital towards Labor.

The careful reader will see that the author has presented two sides to Capital—the Gledman family representative of the oppressive side, and the Stenwick family representative of the kind and sympathetic side towards labor; that the latter side won the victory; and that finally Labor and Capital broke down the barriers between the two, in this one mine, and became one in Wilfred and Grace.

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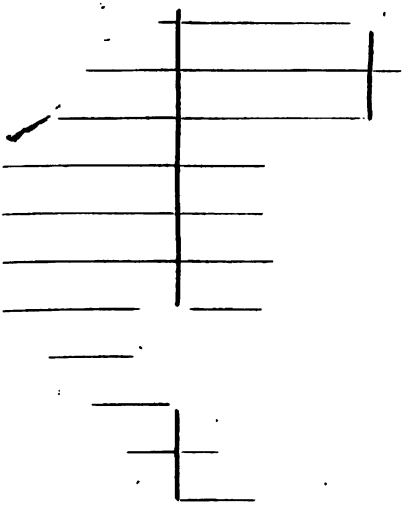

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